Saturday Review

February 22, 1964 25¢

THE AMERICAN THEATRE

ITS PROBLEMS & PROMISE

REPORT FROM WAS

By Henry Brandon

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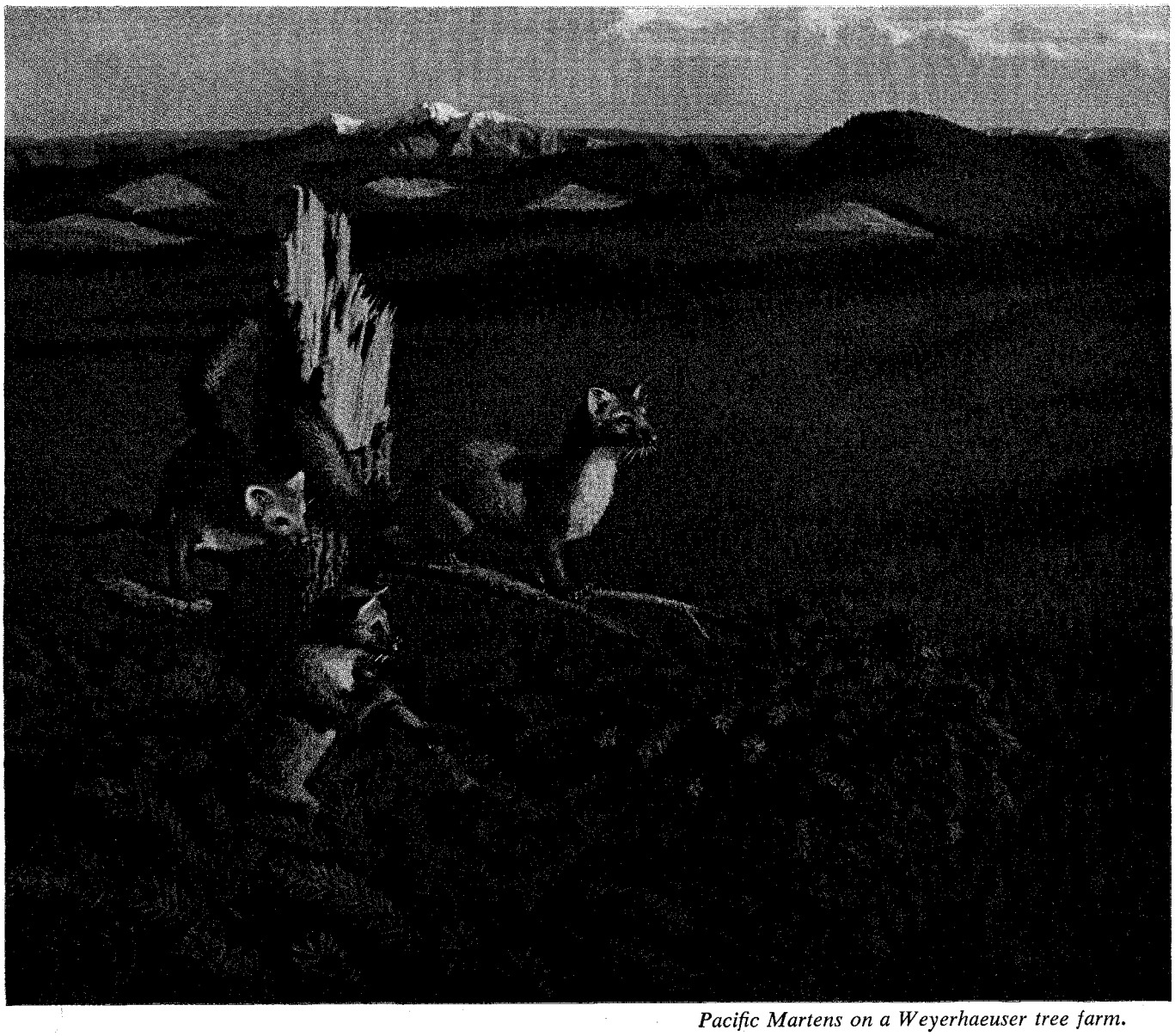

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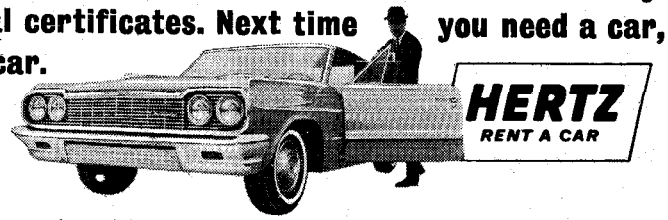

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVII, No. 8. February 22, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1964 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and change of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York, New York, 10036.**
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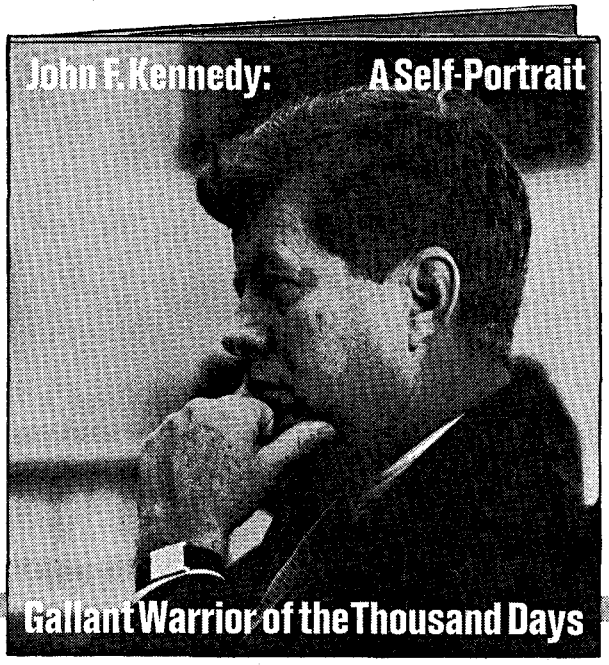

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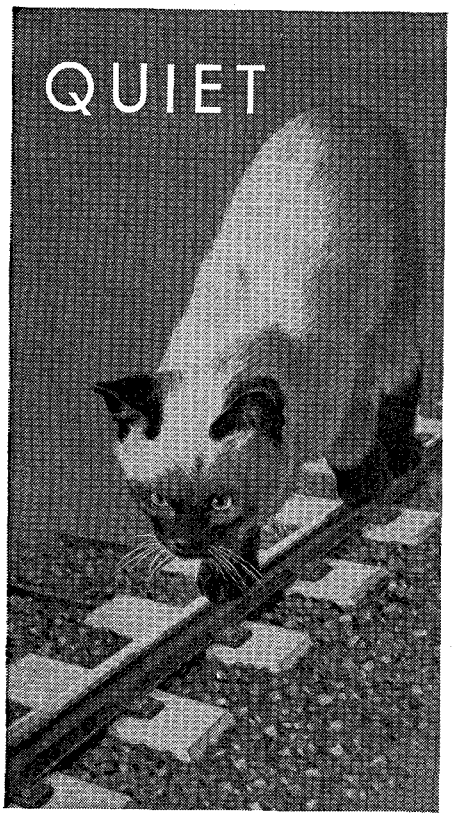

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Edited by Martin Levin

Why Why? Why Not Wye?

DURING the last year I have been engaging in a spirited campaign aimed at spelling reform. My efforts have not been so extensive as those of such dedicated revolutionists as George Bernard Shaw and Theodore Roosevelt. Shaw was fond of pointing out that if we clung to the old ways, the proper way to spell *fish* would be ghoti. The *f* sound is spelled as in *rough*, the *i* as in *women*, and the *sh* as in *nation*. Ghoti er cut bait.

Teddy Roosevelt bellowed wantonly for simplified spelling. When Taft succeeded him in the White House, the New York *Sun* observed the departure of T.R. with a one-word editorial: THRU.

H. L. Mencken never espoused spelling reform, but he had a great relish for bizarre usages. In one of his books on *The American Language* he called attention to a sentence spoken by a woman in the Ozarks, a sentence Mencken himself sometimes quoted in conversation. This Missouri woman, wife of a hillbilly investment banker and a very proper lady in her community, once addressed her teen-age daughter in public: "Git a rag an' snot that youngun." Don't look at *me*. It's part of authentic American folklore and may one day be set to guitar music.

My own campaign is directed against a single word: *why*. Why should *why* be spelled w-h-y when it is used to indicate a sort of pause, or a moment taken for thought; when its definition *is, in fact*: er, uh, ah, weh-ull, question mark along here somewhere? As in such a sentence as, "Why, I wouldn't know about that." Or, "Why, I'll try to do it for you if you can wait a few days."

Whywise, why should *why* be spelled w-h-y when it is used as an expletive at the beginning of a sentence, as meaning lawsy, gosh, zounds, egad? As in, "Why, bless my soul, here he comes now!" Or "Why, I'll thrash him within an inch of his miserable life!"

Every time I write the word *why* in either of these contexts, I die a little. It goes against the grain. I see the thing from the viewpoint of the reader, of whom I am one of which. To me, when a sentence begins with the word *why*, my razor-sharp mind usually advises me that a question is on the way. All too often it ain't.

Proverbs and Adverbs

It is my recommendation, then, that the word be spelled *wy*, or *w'y*, or best of all, *wye*. It would read better.

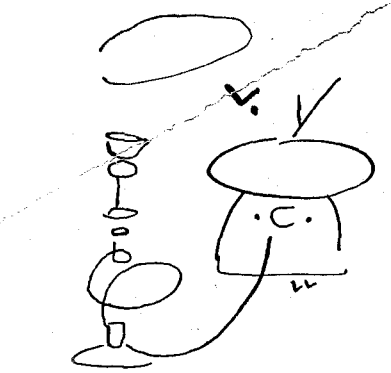
I hope to win this campaign and have my reform accepted by the end of 1964. Next year I'm going after that beggar *mulct*. Just look at it! Ought to be forbidden by law. —H. ALLEN SMITH.

A Bird in Hand— What's It Worth?

WHEN your own backyard is smack-up against the city of Washington, D.C., as ours is, it's pretty hard to keep from wondering what's happening on the other side of the fence, and especially behind the impressive doors of the magnificent mansions along Embassy Row. Yet, in two decades of living almost next door to all these foreign dignitaries, I'd never met any of them to speak of, or to, with the exception of one time when my car locked bumpers with that of a Far Eastern gentleman in a race for the same parking place.

It wasn't until one day over lunch in a Chinese restaurant that I got the courage to do anything about this omission. My fortune cookie produced a slip of paper upon which was written, "Take what you've got and never want more."

I called the Chinese Embassy and asked the young lady who answered



exactly what that meant. Did they really have such a proverb? She replied, between giggles, that the fortune cookie didn't lie; it was indeed an old Chinese proverb, and similar in meaning to our "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." I told her I was so glad that we had something in common and thanked her. She told me to "call any time."

It was then that I decided to find out if the rest of the world had this proverb in common with us. It would be a start, anyway, in neighborly relations.

I had no trouble in my quest at the Spanish Embassy. When I asked for the

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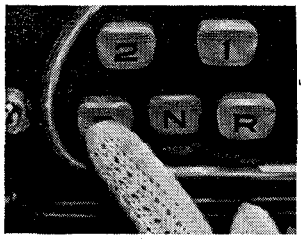

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Spanish version of "A bird, etc.," the bright but highly amused young woman came up immediately with, *"Mas vàle pajaro en mano que cien volando."* Any Spaniard knows that that means "Better to have one in hand than a hundred flying."

On to Nepal. With all they've got to worry about these days, maybe they'd welcome a little cheerful diversion. I was glad I called. Not at first, but later on. I explained my mission to the first woman who answered. She asked *"Who* is this?" and then, *"Whom* are you with?" Finally, I managed to convince her that I wasn't some gung-ho ornithologist who was flying high and she turned me over to another woman. In tones ringing on the highest decibels of annoyance, she demanded another full explanation and then deposited the entire problem in the lap of a pleasant, cordial gentleman who *did* sound as though this might be the brightest spot in his day. He told me that Nepal assuredly did have such a proverb, and did I want it in Nepalese? I told him that English would do, and he informed me that in Nepal the prudent folk say, "A blind maternal uncle is better than none at all."

Well, I knew all this international good will was too good to last, because I really came up against it at the French Embassy. The woman to whom I addressed my question about "A bird, etc." was extremely excitable and gave me a verbal blast in rapid-fire French. We parted on questionable terms.

After the French debacle, I turned north to Scandinavia, where tempers are cooler. They are all pretty much in accord and claim that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the woods . . . or on the roof . . . or in the tree." Take your pick.

The folk in Iraq and the Somali Republic, although not exactly Scandinavians, have the same proverb.

A very courteous lady at the German Embassy told me that in Germany they feel that "The sparrow in the hand is better than the pigeon on the roof."

The Japanese say that it would be better not to pursue two rabbits when you already have one in your hand, or you may lose all.

At the Embassy of Ireland, a charming gentleman with one of those O-apostrophe names felt that "sure the great wealth of Irish culture could produce a similar proverb." He took my number and called back the following morning to tell me that in Ireland "A trout in the hand is better than a salmon in the pool."

Next I called Greece. I was jostled upward through the chain of command to a gentleman of cultural substance. In Greece, he told me, they say, "It's better

(*Continued on page* 24)

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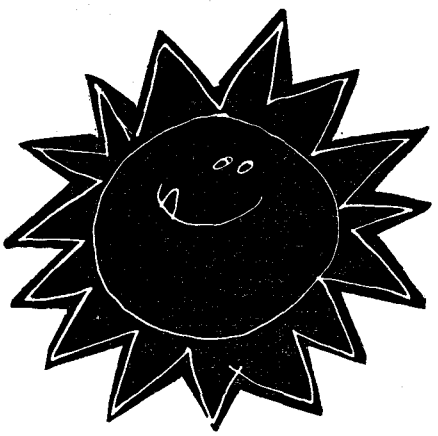

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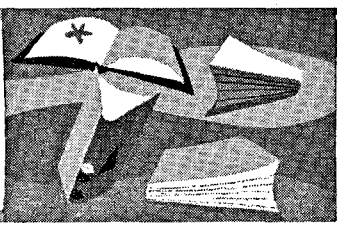

Glendon Swarthout, author of *Where the Boys Are, They Came to Cordura,* and most recently *The Cadillac Cowboys* (Random House), sat at the speaker's table at the recent Phoenix, Arizona, book-and-author luncheon. But not a single spoonful of tomato aspic was thrown at him by any of the 575 elegantly wrapped ladies there, despite the fact that *The Cadillac Cowboys* virtually cuts Phoenix social life to confetti with its satire.

At the same luncheon, actor-author Sterling Hayden (*Wanderer,* Knopf) rose up and thundered in no uncertain terms that he thought the American-dream materialism represented by the audience and by the Phoenix way of life was equaled only by its passive acceptance of the John Birch syndrome.

The outspoken authors, and the fact that the Phoenix audience would tolerate them, were indicative of some significant changes in Arizona manners and morals. Also significant was the fact that the luncheon was sponsored by the Phoenix *Republic,* a paper that until February 2 had among its syndicated columnists only such conservative writers as William Buckley, Jr., and David Lawrence. Now, however, the *Republic* has taken on, among others, James Reston, Art Buchwald, and Walter Lippmann, and has subscribed to the *New York Times* News Service. As Glendon Swarthout says, "February 2nd is the day the cowboy took off his boots."

That's the way it is out in Goldwater country these days. Dichotomy and contrast are evident everywhere you look. As we swung through Phoenix's lavish environs, we couldn't help noticing that the swimming pools surrounding Camelback Mountain could, if tilted sufficiently, reflect in their shimmering surfaces a picture of Indian squalor. And at the book-and-author bench, the Barry Goldwater fans could sit, listen to, and even applaud two men whose books had ripped them apart.

For example, even though his book is fiction, Mr. Swarthout points out that in Mr. Goldwater's native grounds only 15 per cent of the land is privately owned and that 85 per cent belongs to federal, state, county government—and the Indians. He further points out that Mr. Goldwater's state is more dependent on federal funds than any other state except Alaska. It accepted almost $1 billion last year. But it contributes less than half of that in taxes.

Arizona has not, however, been unkind to the creative writer. It has, for example, embraced Thornton Wilder and Joseph Wood Krutch. We visited with Mr. Krutch briefly in Tucson, where he pointed out that his ranchhouse had suddenly been surrounded by three housing developments.

"I have seen signs," he told us, "that read 'Help Tucson Grow.' I have a scheme ready to change them to read 'Keep Tucson Small.'"

But this is hard to do in a state that skyrocketed Del Webb, a carpenter, to an $80,000,000 fortune, beginning on the day a supermarket builder picked him to replace a construction foreman. Today Mr. Webb is not only co-owner of the New York Yankees, but is also multiplying retirement colonies, called "Sun Cities," by logarithms. A young lady from Yuma said she saw six cream-colored Lincoln Continentals at a restaurant, each with a label reading: "Del Webb, Inc." When they buy company cars out here, they don't skimp.

When Mr. Swarthout drove us around Phoenix, we were able to note a few more of the things that parallel those he so skilfully quotes as fiction in his book: a roadhouse with a sign reading "Steak and Champagne"; a new house under construction in Paradise Valley that will have a heated swimming pool for the servants and kennels for fourteen dogs with, of all things, electronic toilets that will flush automatically when used.

There is an exuberance about Arizona that knocks an Easterner off his feet. And it is becoming more evident every day. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1558)

(CECIL) WOODHAM-SMITH: *THE GREAT HUNGER*

With some notable exceptions — whose names survive and are regarded with affection in Ireland today—the successive owners of the soil of Ireland regarded it merely as a source from which to extract as much money as possible. The absentee landlord was common.

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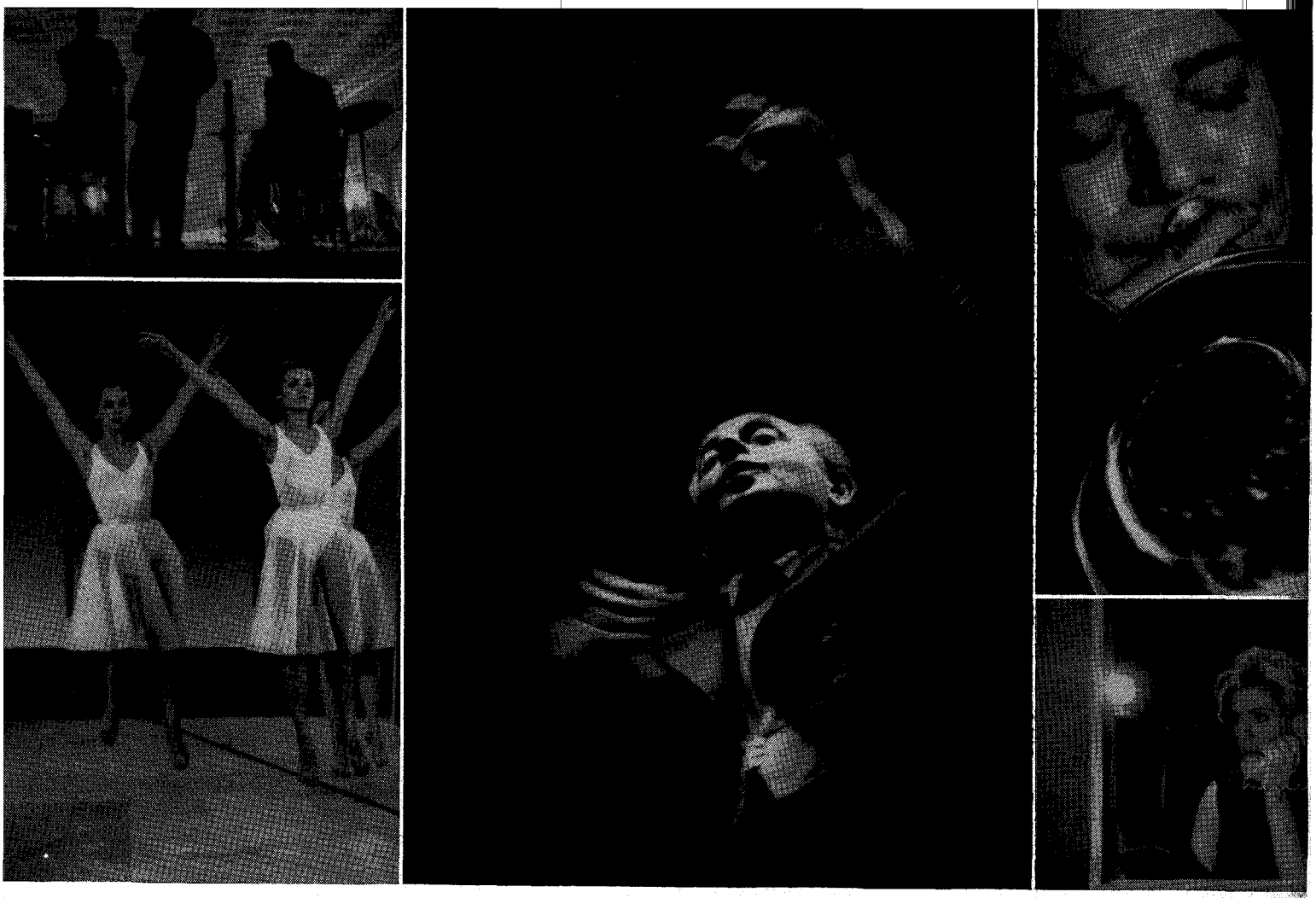

Group effort makes a difference!

A nation was built on the principle that "in union there is strength." The principle is no less applicable in broadcasting today.

As a group, the five CBS Owned television stations are able to accomplish undertakings far beyond the abilities and resources of one station. Item: to produce annually a repertoire workshop series providing five-market exposure and opportunity for promising creative and performing talent. Item: to conduct an annual international program exchange, allowing viewers to see the best television foreign broadcasters have to offer, and foreign viewers to see programs typical of American culture. Item: to operate a Washington News Bureau for regional-interest coverage above and beyond the service of CBS News. Item: to marshal together the very best programming brains in the five cities to work for a common cause—*better local programming.*

The fruits of such group achievement provide ample reason why each of the CBS Owned stations is held in such high regard in its community.

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Representative

After due deliberation, we chose shirtdress #8521 for our introduction, because of its typical Villager-ness. (Indeed, most of our shirtdresses are shaped exactly like this.) The fabric here is cobweb-fine *Villagelawn*®, covered with monotone periwinkles. The feeling is of light, and air, and earliness. Like a line from "Fern Hill." Periwinkle Blue, Rose Red, Sun Gold. Sizes 6 to 16.

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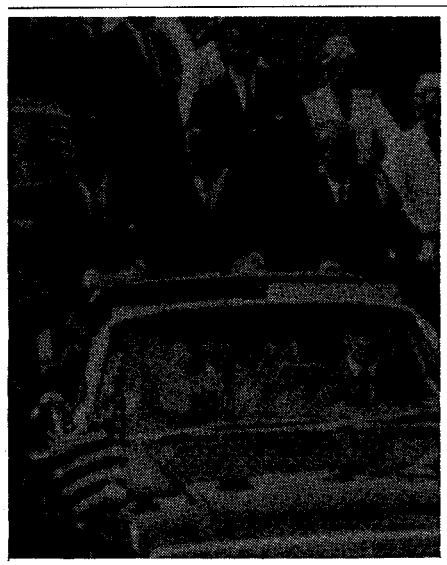

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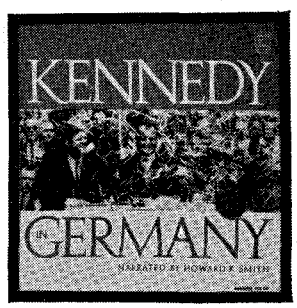
Narrated by ABC Newscaster Howard K. Smith

Few would deny that President John F. Kennedy's tour of Germany in 1963 was one of his major diplomatic achievements. Now, for every American to own are the President's complete speeches culminating in the inspiring "Ich bin ein Berliner" address in West Berlin, plus remarks by Chancellor Adenauer and West Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt and the chanting, cheering crowd that accompanied the young American leader everywhere.



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Chess Corner–No. 88

THE game between Alberic O'Kelly de Galway of Belgium and Evfim Geller of the Soviet Union, at the last Capablanca Memorial Tournament in Havana, dramatizes one of the basic motifs of the King's Indian Defense.

The defense is predicated on two main possibilities. Black hopes first to provoke an overextended Pawn front that will boomerang, and second to utilize the full potential of Black's fianchettoed King Bishop. The finale of this game justifies these expectations.

White omits the characteristic 9 P-Q5, which is supposed to put Black's resources to the ultimate test. Hence, Black is able to get in the equalizing 14 . . . P-Q4. Then, with 16 . . . QxN, Black actually takes over the initiative. For now White's Queen Knight Pawn is menaced indirectly. This ambush is accelerated by 17 . . . N-B5.

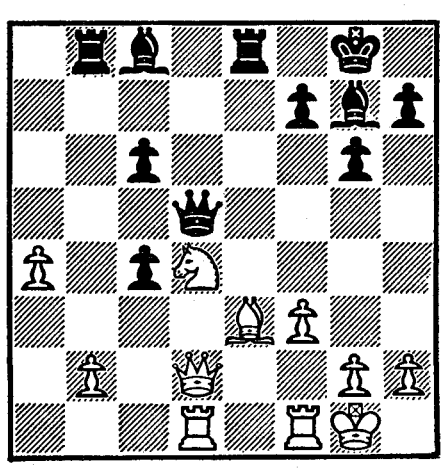
A mistake is 23 B-Q4, which loses by force. A sorry try might have been 23 R-N1, refuted by . . . P-B6.

White resigns because if 25 BxB, QxR 26 RxQ, RxRch, etc. This attempt would have been inadequate: 24 Q-B3, RxB 25 RxR, Q-B4 26 R-Q1, R-Q1, etc.

O'Kelly's downfall may be traced to his tendency toward simplification and a careless appraisal of the concealed nuances in the position.

King's Indian Defense

O'Kelly White	Geller Black	O'Kelly White	Geller Black
1 P-Q4	N-KB3	11 B-K2	P-B3
2 P-QB4	P-KN3	12 O-O	P-QN4
3 N-QB3	B-N2	13 PxP	RPxP
4 P-K4	O-O	14 P-QR3	P-Q4
5 B-K3	P-Q3	15 PxP	NxP
6 P-B3	N-B3	16 NxN	QxN
7 KN-K2	P-QR3	17 Q-Q2	N-B5
8 N-B1	P-K4	18 BxN	PxB
9 N-N3	PxP	19 QR-Q1	R-N1
10 NxP	N-K4	20 P-QR4	R-K1



21 B-B2	B-B4	24 Q-KB2	Q-Q4
22 NxB	QxN	Resigns	
23 B-Q4	QR-Q1		

—Al Horowitz.

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News makes a difference!

On the CBS Owned stations, the news is *good*... and there's more of it!

For one thing, there's the vastly-expanded news schedule on the CBS Television Network—world and national news covered in depth each morning, afternoon and evening by such CBS News "names" as Cronkite, Reasoner, Wallace, Sevareid, Edwards. Local news reporting has also been stepped-up sharply, thanks to augmented local staffs, increased coverage of state capitals, and the stations' own Washington News Bureau for special reports from the national capital. Bear in mind, too, that the local correspondents—newsmen like Robert Trout in New York, Fahey Flynn in Chicago, Jerry Dunphy in Los Angeles, John Facenda in Philadelphia, Spencer Allen in St. Louis—are as big locally as Cronkite is nationally.

Today more than ever before, there's a big difference in news between the CBS Owned stations and their competition. This is one—*just one*—of the reasons why a CBS Owned television station has very special standing in the community it serves.

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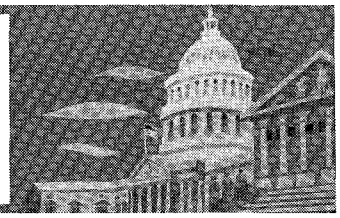
State of Affairs



Report from Washington: Watching de Gaulle

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Henry Brandon, who for fourteen years has served as United States correspondent for the Sunday Times of London, with this issue also becomes Washington correspondent for Saturday Review.*

IT IS usually easier to deal with an enemy than with an ally who has a different concept of the world. Mr. Khrushchev has learned this bitter lesson from his dealings with his "ally," the Chinese Communists, and the United States has been going through a similar experience with General de Gaulle. In both cases it took some years for the differences in outlook to come to the surface and for the seriousness of the challenge to be fully recognized. For some time Mr. Khrushchev sought to treat his Chinese "deviationists" with silent disdain and embarrassment, but finally they attacked him openly and frontally. He had not only to defend his ideas, but also go on proving that his approach was the correct one.

General de Gaulle has now maneuvered the United States into a similar position. When President Johnson was questioned at his first formal press conference about the General's idea of neutralizing Vietnam, he replied, a little testily (after making it clear that he disagreed with him), that de Gaulle "is entitled to his opinion." He was trying to play it cool. Like President Kennedy earlier, he had come to the reluctant conclusion that there was no use trying to break "the sound barrier" across the Atlantic between Washington and Paris. So a point has now been reached where the United States is being challenged on several diplomatic fronts by a man who has a different view of history.

Whether General de Gaulle would have gone his own way even if the United States and Britain had not ignored his proposal for a three-power directorate in 1959 is difficult to guess; the answer is buried deep in the French leader's own mind. His own ideas about his world are and always have been deeply rooted, and my own guess is that in the end he would have taken about the same road he has taken ever since, for all his road signs lead first and foremost in one direction —to France's greatness. He hoped to lift himself onto the throne of Europe with the aid of the Franco-German treaty and his nuclear *force de frappe*. Once this was achieved his idea was to lead a Europe independent of the United States, a Europe allied with the United States only in case of war.

At this point the real contest between the American view of the world and his own began. When he kept Britain out of Europe, American and British policy suffered a sharp blow. The United States had, so to say, lost its guarantor for seeing that the new Europe, whose self-reliance the United States welcomed, would not turn against her policies. And to recoup and to frustrate French policy it therefore turned to Germany, where in the American view power in Europe lies, to make certain that the United States and most of Europe would work in tandem for the same goals. Since the Germans had little stomach to serve as a prop for French leadership, and as their main concern, being exposed to direct pressure from the Communist bloc, is to insure that American power will remain strongly committed in Europe, it follows that General de Gaulle's aims have suffered a severe setback.

Thus in Europe General de Gaulle now finds his plans in abeyance; only the Common Market—though it never really fitted into his scheme of things —now offers him an opportunity to exert a strong influence. It does not mean, however, that his idea of becoming the leader of European nationalism is dead. The currents of European nationalism for the time being have largely disappeared in the shifting sands of European politics; but an attempt by the United States to reach an accommodation with the Soviet Union at the expense of certain European interests would bring them quickly to the surface. It is for these nagging reasons that the contest between the American and the Gaullist concepts will continue to tax American policy-makers. Whether it was General de Gaulle's desire to resurrect French influence where it had been snuffed out or whether the failures he suffered in Europe led him to inject himself into Far Eastern affairs, is beside the point. The crucial fact is that, as in Europe, American policy in Asia, too, is now being challenged by him. In Europe General de Gaulle tried to be the leader; in Asia he now aspires to become the arbiter.

There are times when a single word interpreted differently in different parts of the world can have a profound effect. President Johnson spoke of the neutralization of South *and* North Vietnam with some "sympathy"; General de Gaulle spoke of it in relation to Southeast Asia, and parts of the American press are suddenly giving it more thought. All this has an unsettling effect, especially at a time when the political situation in South Vietnam is confused, the military precarious, and a fight over Peking's admission to the United Nations on the eve of the American elections will be utter embarrassment. But basically the policy of containment, though fairly successful for longer than might have been expected, has run its course. The United States never saw herself in a position to find an alternative, and so de Gaulle has become the catalyst and challenger on yet another front.

THERE is no reason, however, why General de Gaulle's two ceremonial visits to Latin America should be considered a challenge. He likes to talk about the establishment "on both sides of the Atlantic of a united and renovated Latin world," which has an irritating quality, just as his references to France's superior knowledge in Southeast Asia; but there is little prestige to be garnered these days in this turbulent and unpredictable part of the world—especially not without a hefty checkbook in hand.

President Johnson is no doubt troubled by General de Gaulle's stubborn determination to pursue his own ideas, even though he does not show it. This does not mean that he underestimates him or that he thinks the General really has the power to succeed—and power, he believes, is what counts. In contrast, General de Gaulle has great faith in his sense of history, in the "future of reason," as he likes to say. He also has the advantage that he does not want anything from the United States.

However frustrating and unsatisfactory it may be for the craftsmen of diplomacy, there is now little that can be done about this trial of faith. The General has no intention, in his dealings with others, of changing the old saying "noblesse oblige" to "grandeur oblige"; hence only time will tell whether the American or General de Gaulle's view of history is correct.

Meanwhile, both sides will outdo each other in trying to nudge history in its direction. —HENRY BRANDON.

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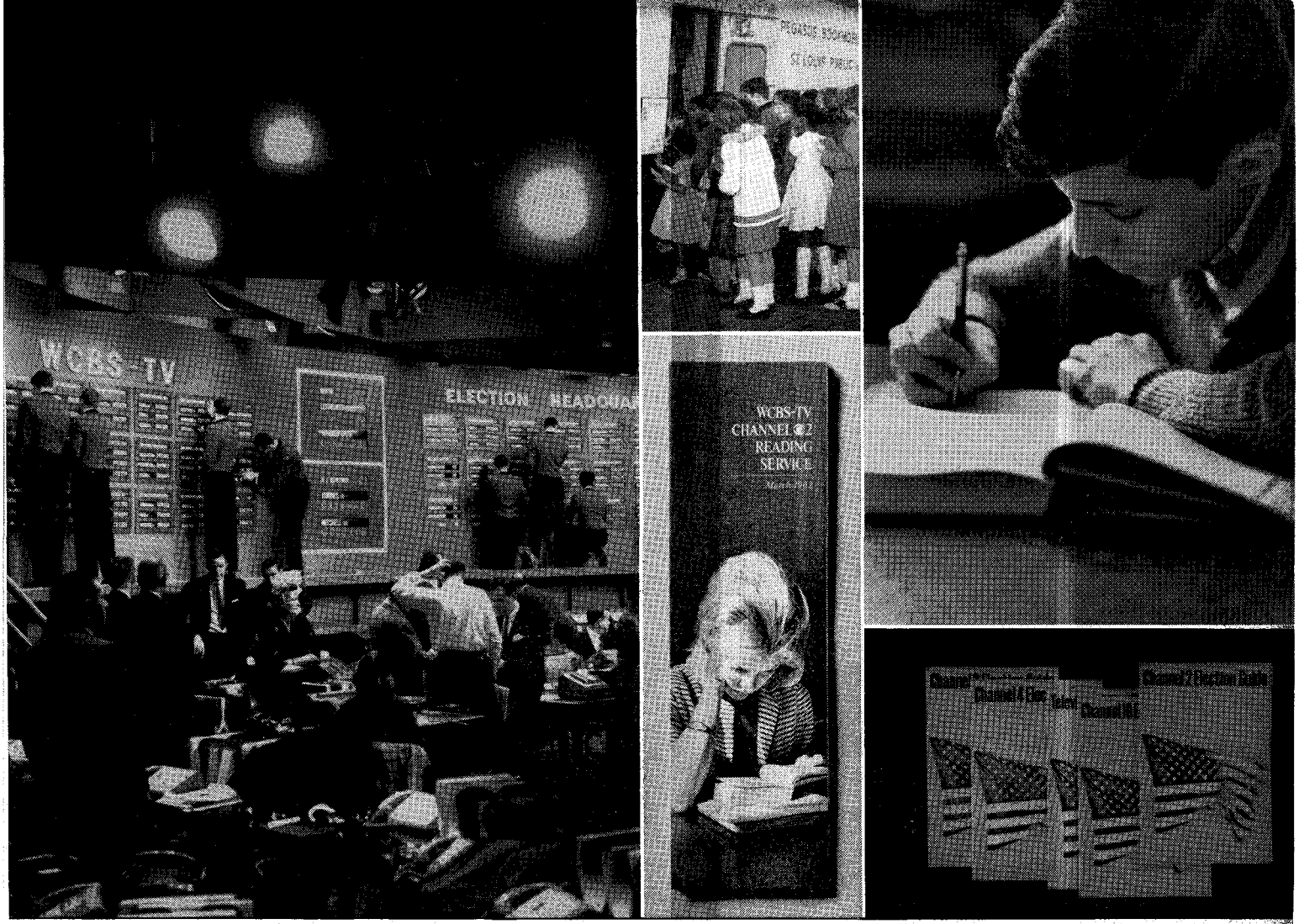

Community service makes a difference!

As practiced by the CBS Owned stations, community service extends far beyond the dimensions of the television screen. *How* far may be seen from just two examples.

In cooperation with public schools and libraries, the stations prepare monthly lists of books relating to the content of noteworthy future programs, and distribute them through schools and libraries, to encourage students to read more, and to make their television viewing beneficial to their studies. Now into its third year, this Television Reading Service is reaching an estimated 1,570,000 students through more than 2100 public and parochial schools and libraries.

Supplementing their broadcast political coverage, the stations produce comprehensive illustrated local Election Guides which are distributed en masse to local civic groups, schools and colleges before every major election. The American Heritage Foundation has called this project "an outstanding contribution" to its campaign to get out the vote.

Add such off-air activities to what's done *on* the air, and you begin to understand why the five CBS Owned television stations are so highly esteemed by local officials, by opinion leaders, by educators—as well as by viewers—in five major communities.

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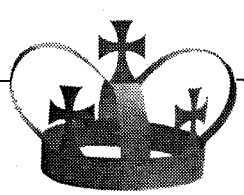
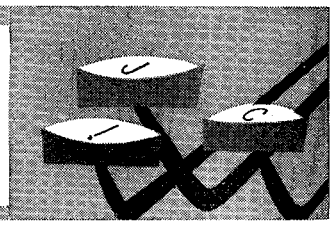


Manner of Speaking



The Monster Den: I see now that I started something when I wrote a column for Benn's birthday [*SR*, Dec. 14], and I was not long in hearing about it from Myra and Jonnel (he is really John Lyle Pritchett, which became John L. to keep his John distinguished from mine, which became Jon'l, which became Jonnel).

All those two (by which I mean a bit more than all two of almost anything else) immediately took positions for pattern bombing, and I had no sooner felt my first eardrum shatter than I realized my mistake and surrendered, entering a formal agreement to write a column for Myra's birthday in March and one for Jonnel's in May. At that point, however, Benn joined in, insisting that I had to do one for Mummy's birthday. Mummy's birthday happens to be February 22, and I tried to point out first that George Washington has a prior claim to it, and second that I have no journalistic sentiments about Mummy, and, foolishly, I decided to resist, even though there were now three of them in formation (which is at least twice as much as just two).

Loud is only the rustle of beginning at my house, and a roar punctuated by a shriek here and a thud there is only the warmup. In a few minutes you can't hear the lynxes for the hyenas and you can't hear either for the elephant stampede. Then, by the time you get all that on tape along with a sound track from the Battle of Leyte Gulf, all you have to do is send in a squadron of banshees for fighter cover, play it all inside a sealed boiler, and that's home sweet home.

How it ever gets from there to lights out, when I stop by to find them in bed and ready to be kissed in an actual ho-hum silence that might do to inclose actual children, is a mystery a man would be a fool to tamper with. Sufficient unto bedtime is the stillness thereafter.

I tucked Benn in and told him I saw no reason he couldn't try to be an astronaut if he would first do better in arithmetic. I kissed Myra goodnight and was informed that her Christmas wardrobe was *keen, neat,* and *cool-est,* the last being a pure and protracted spondee. And as I was working Jonnel and his bedclothes into some sort of self-conforming snarl, I promised again that, yes, I would write a column for his birthday and for Myra's. Then he wanted to know why I wouldn't do one for Mummy's birthday, and I told him what I really ought to do was a letter of sympathy from the Ciardi Monster Den, of which she seems to have been appointed den mother without prior consultation.

Then for the more-or-less thousandth time he wanted to drag out the goodnight business by wanting to know how I had met her, and by the time I had sidestepped that one and had managed to snarl him into place with the lights out, it was late enough for any man's mortal thoughts to start flowing, and this is what came (which I hope my monsters will accept as some sort of answer to Jonnel's question, and which I hope Mummy will accept as some sort of birthday sympathy from a co-conspirator, and with love, or with at least as much love as can make itself heard over the den-din of these caves we all come to):

THE MONSTER DEN

I met your Mummy long ago.
She said, "How do you do?" I said, "Hello!"
And we talked a little about a lot.
And as we talked we sat and thought
A lot or a little. And then, I guess,
I asked a question, and she said, "Yes."
And what I asked was—let me see—
It must have been, "Will you marry me?"
For that's what she did. And *I* married *her,*
With a dress and a ring and a cake.

Well, sir,
We left our friends when the cake was gone.
We kept the ring (she has it on).
And she changed her dress and we took a train
To somewhere, I guess. And then a plane
To somewhere else.

We thought we were
Living happily ever after, sir,
As the stories say. We didn't know then
We were only starting a *Monster Den.*
But that's what we did.

We had it in mind

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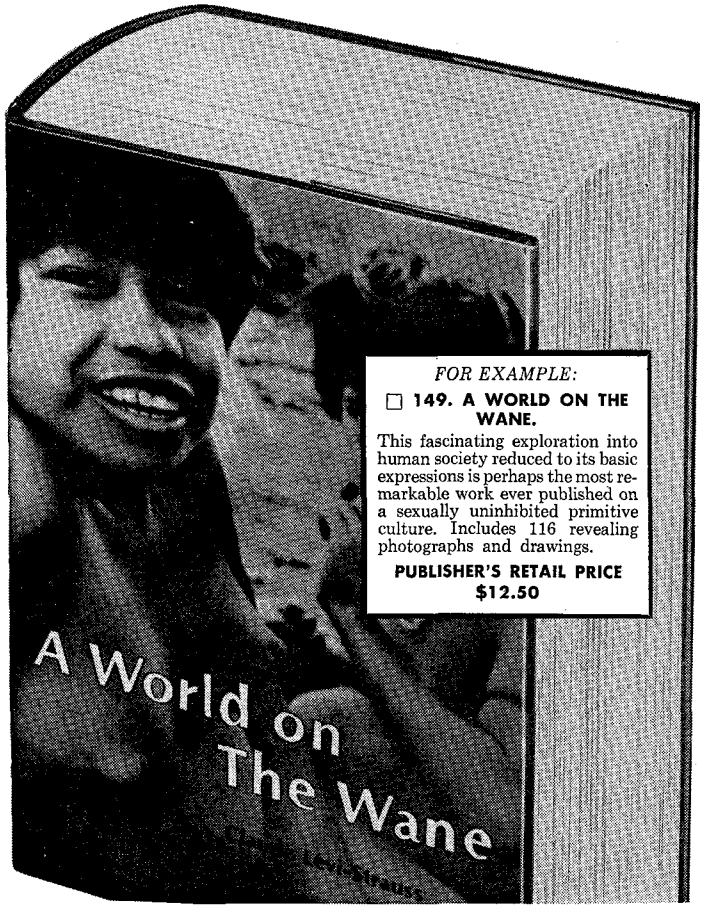

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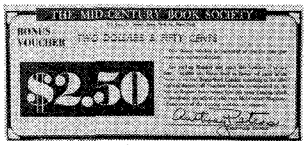

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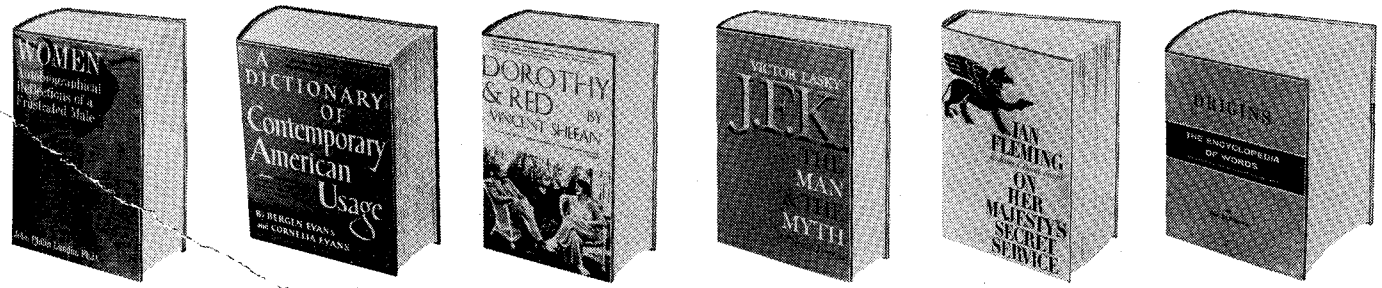

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To have some children. The human kind
Was what we intended. And I will say
It almost started out that way.
For Monster One was pink as a rose
And looked like a girl, with a button nose,

And giggly eyes, and a crookedy smile.
So we called her Myra—for a while.
And then what happened? She grew and grew,
And after a while there was no one but *you*
Where our baby had been.

As for Monster Two,
He looked like a boy, so we called him John.
How could we guess what was going on?
He *looked* like a boy, and a fine one, too.
So we took him home. And *he* grew and grew.
But he hadn't grown much before we knew
What looked like a boy was really *you!*

Mummy cried and hung her head.
"Someone is monstering us!" she said.
"Our house is becoming a Monster Den!"

—But we didn't give up. We tried again.
And that time what we got was *Benn!*
Yes, *you!*—And were we happy then?

Well, all I shall say is, that made three.
And I looked at Mummy, and she looked at me.
And we looked again at what we had got.
And we thought a little about a lot.
And I sighed for Mummy, and she sighed for me,
As we took it home. For—do you see?—
We had finally guessed it. We knew right then
It isn't *really* a Monster Den
Until you have at least one Benn!

Well, we watched *him* grow. And the more he grew
The more we knew, and what we knew
Was—just as I say—no Monster Den
Is complete without at least one Benn!
So there we were with our Monsters Three
Breathing out fire at Mummy and me.

And what did we do? What would *you* do?
Right! We turned into Monsters, too!

—JOHN CIARDI.

"Hey, Mike! Bingo!"

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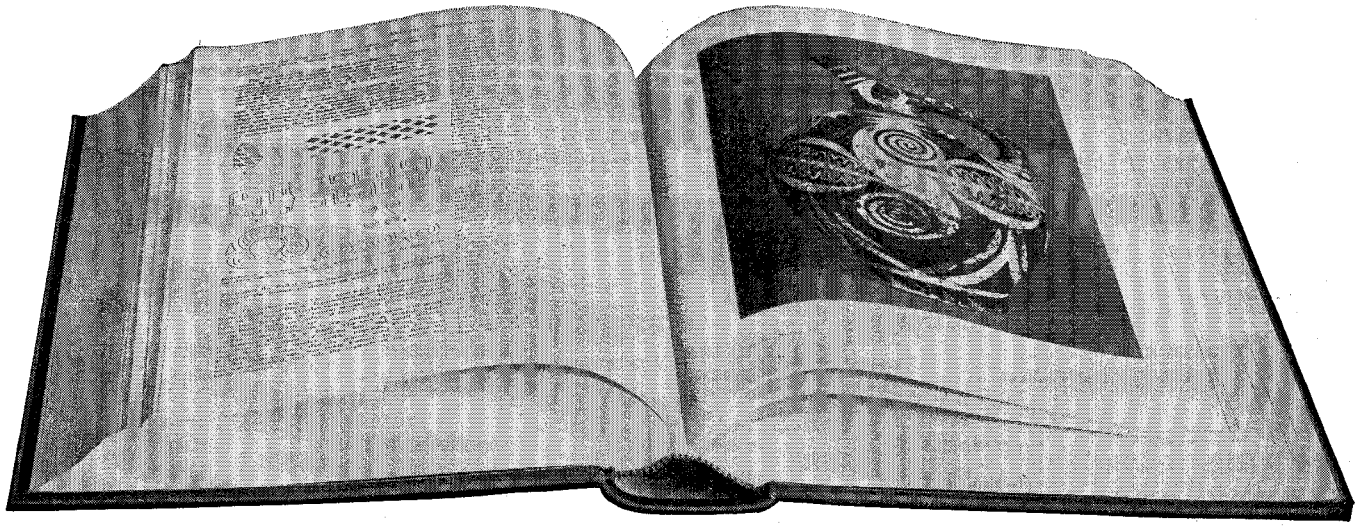

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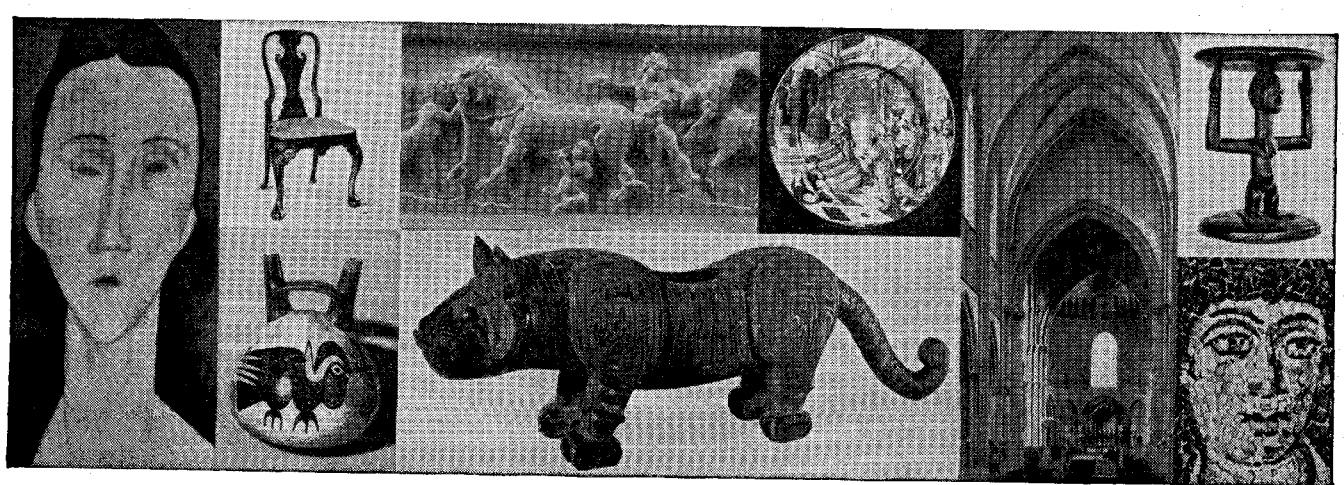

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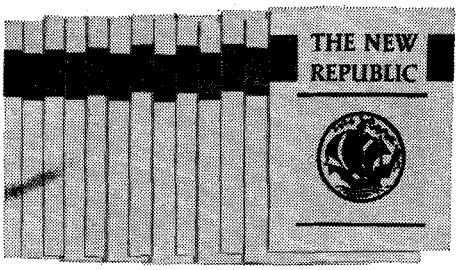

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Phoenix Nest

Continued from page 8

to have one thing in your hand than to wait for two."

I really felt sorry for the poor man with whom I talked at the Italian Embassy. He had to compete with a pneumatic drill in the background, as he tried with members of his staff to get to the bottom of the Italian version of the proverb. First, there were two voices in excited Italian discussion, then three voices, then four. Just about the time I was ready to give up, he returned to the phone and shouted in triumph: "Better an egg today than a chicken tomorrow."

Russia must be accounted for, so I called the Soviet Embassy and put it to them straight: Is there anything behind the Iron Curtain to equal "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"? Consternation threaded its way through the wires. Did they consider this just one more U.S. achievement to top? And I could just imagine my entire conversation being properly recorded, translated, computed, and rushed to the decoding room.

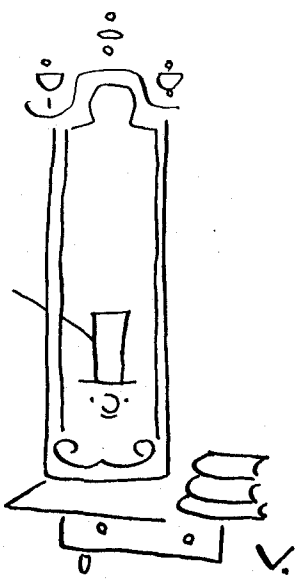
An eternity later, the clerk came back to ask me, "How you say cuckoo in English?"

Finally, she returned again with the information that "The cuckoo in hand is worth more than the crane in the sky." She seemed relieved that she'd been able to come up with an answer for me.

I am still puzzled by the Turkish Embassy. I talked with three different people there, ending with a gentleman who said, "*Yes,* we *do* have such a proverb!" There followed alternate periods of silence and hilarity before he choked out, "I can't think of it!"

And thus a day of neighborly relations came to an end.

—ELAINE HART MESSMER.



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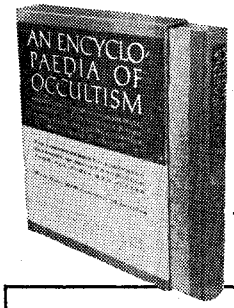

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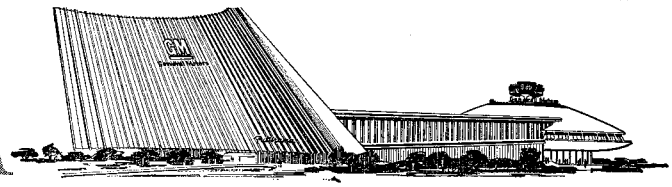

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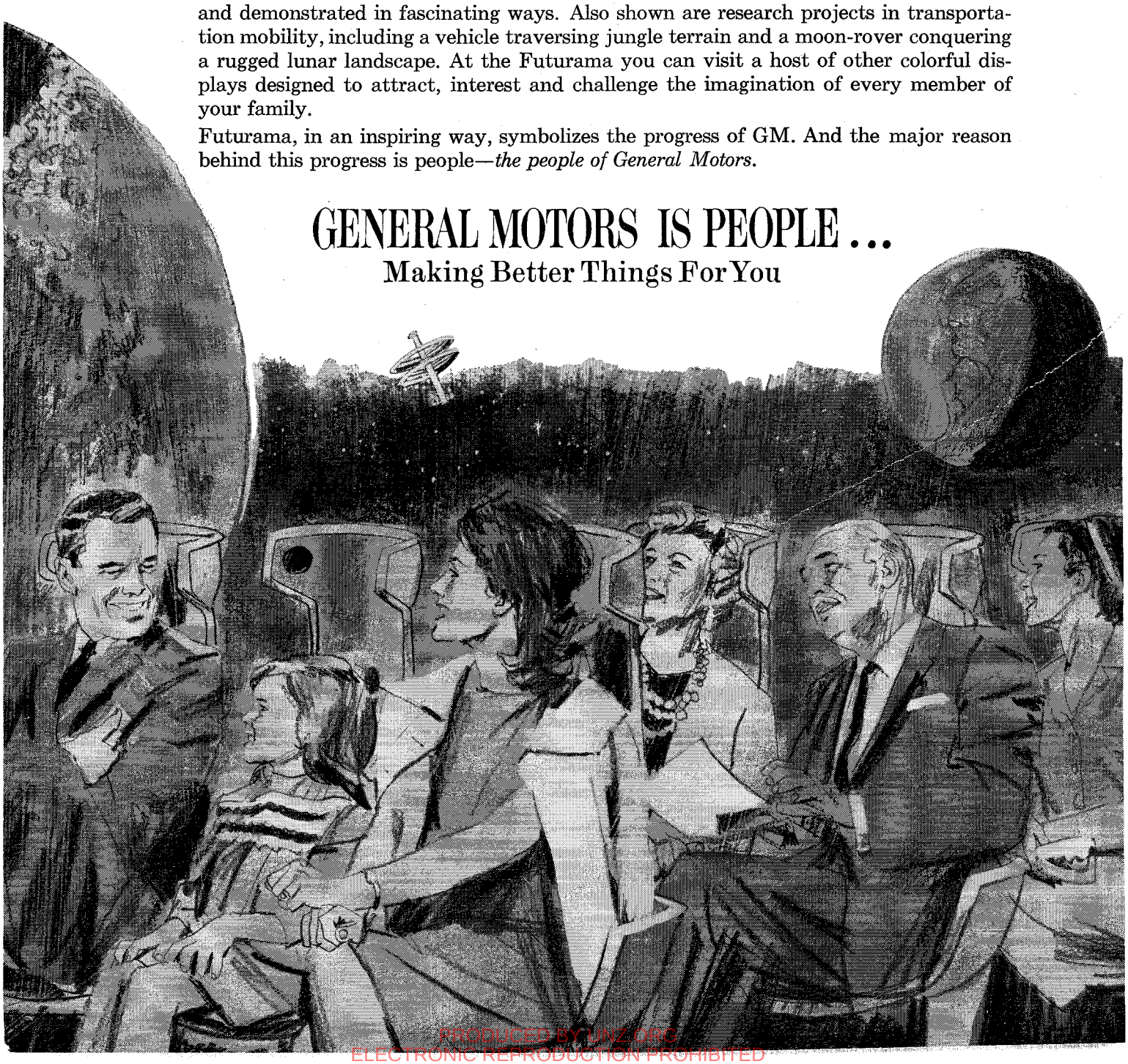

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Saturday Review

February 22, 1964

THE AMERICAN THEATRE '64

Its Problems and Promise

The following special section offers a survey of the American theatre's vast scope, from Broadway to theatre on campus. Its central theme inevitably is change, for at no time has there been as much ferment in the theatre as today. And its central question is: Where is the theatre going? Is it, as some observers argue, improving; and if it is, is it improving fast enough? The debate, consisting of eighteen pages, begins below.

By HENRY HEWES

THERE are those who claim that in 1964 the American theatre is filled with hopeful signs. *Hello, Dolly!* is a smash hit. After a nine-year absence, Arthur Miller has returned to the fold with the most talked-about play in town to get the Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre off to a popular start in its exciting new temporary theatre (see Edward F. Kook's article on page 30). Circle-in-the-Square has a stunning production of *The Trojan Women*. Joseph Papp is getting more backing than ever from the city for his New York Shakespeare Festival. In April Lincoln Center will add a shiny new theatre to its complex (see Irving Kolodin's article on page 31). And the state Attorney General's inquiry into the New York theatre revealed no obvious irregularities in sixteen of the forty producers' financial statements that were examined.

Outside New York so many resident professional theatres are springing up that it now seems considerably more reasonable than it used to for theatre artists to hope for a first-class career in other cities (see Herbert Blau's article on page 32). ANTA is sponsoring an American Playwrights' Theatre plan that will create more opportunities for some of our established playwrights (see Stanley Young's article on page 33). And the Rockefeller Foundation is exploring possibilities of a closer rapport with university drama departments and the Actors Studio so that these training organizations may better serve the entire professional theatre.

Certainly a much-needed change is taking place. But it is difficult to describe exactly the true nature of the change. As a first step toward finding out where the American theatre stands in 1964, and where it may be heading, *Saturday Review* has sought from key people in every branch of our theatre their frank appraisals of their own problems. This brief supplement may therefore present information that hopefully will lead to a better understanding of a highly complex situation.

1. Broadway

THE center of the American theatre is, for better or worse, Broadway. Lately it has become a nasty word, synonymous with corruption and compromise. Yet Broadway is not one thing, but an inextricable mixture of show biz and performing art. The show biz attitude includes showmanship in the Barnum tradition, the get-rich-quick gamble, the slick operator, the hot ticket, the skilful inflation of fragile elements into what Tennessee Williams calls "a Broadway blockbuster" that overpowers and impresses gullible audiences, and the assumption that idealism, honesty, and fair play should not be expected in a world where money talks. The Attorney General's current revelations about "ice" (a term derived from politics where graft payments were entered on the books as Incidental Campaign Expenses; here, it means the illegal profits on tickets pocketed by some box-office treasurers, some general managers, and some producers) and other shady Broadway practices is a concomitant of the show biz attitude. Because it is, many an honest as well as a dishonest producer will publicly inveigh against these practices but privately accept them as an inevitable

From *Hello, Dolly!*—a heyday ahead for musicals.

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THE GREATEST FIGHT the people of the theatre must wage, I believe, is the fight against insecurity. Not the normal insecurity of plays closing and the economics of survival, but an inner security.

Of all the performers who have been on Broadway, Tallulah Bankhead seems to exude the most confidence. She seems in full command from the moment she strides on stage. And yet the insecurity that makes for greatness is present.

I remember Tallulah telling a story on herself about *The Skin Of Our Teeth.*

Tallulah had been appearing in the play for many months, when she ran into one of her dearest friends, Estelle Winwood. Tallulah gave her the usual salute of twenty-one "Daahlings!" and then launched into news of "today's theatre"—which, from Tallulah's talk, appeared to consist of only one show and only one star. "Daahling," she said, "Tonight you'll see me in *The Skin of Our Teeth.* I'm divine! There isn't another actress in America who could play it with such vitality and warmth—be so irrepressible and irresistible—be so breezy, give it the verve and vivacity and sardonic wit it needs, dominate the production, be nothing short of stirring and sparkle so! Mind you," continued Tallulah, "I'm not saying these things about myself. I'm only quoting what the critics said!"

Miss Winwood, amazed by Tallulah's torrent of self-praise, grabbed Tallulah by the shoulders, shook her, and said, "Tallulah, how can you stand there boasting about yourself like that? Have you no modesty, carrying on this way about your own performance?"

Whereupon Tallulah turned into the little girl Estelle had first met in the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel when Tallulah's aunt Louisa had escorted her from Alabama by way of Washington to break into the theatre. Tallulah hung her head for a moment and plaintively replied, "I said all those things, Estelle, because I'm not sure I'm *any* good at all in the role!" —IRVING HOFFMAN.

Tallulah

part of the Broadway if not the American tradition.

Doubtless there are some people who are accurately described in the preceding paragraph, but you'll have a hard time finding one who will admit to it. For the other part of Broadway is its pretension to art. Today's producer likes to feel that he is assisting the creation of art even if he is only doing so by importing an acknowledged artistic production from another country. He feels that it is his function to take art and sell it to a public that is not so eager for it as it is for shallower entertainment. At best, he leaves the original production unaltered and practices his showmanship to get people to come to his play often for the wrong reasons. At worst, he completely compromises the work of art in an effort to make it more widely salable. But either way, his proudest boast is that he has made art pay and kept the theatre flourishing.

Let no one infer, however, that theatre art is not practiced on Broadway. Indeed, within the ridiculously restricted confines of Broadway's stages, the best in American theatre has been and still is achieved. Some observers have even advanced the thesis that it is the very difficulty of doing anything well on Broadway that has challenged the artist to create his finest work. In recent years, however, the Broadway theatre has seemed to be steadily worsening in every way. Investors and producers are making less when they succeed (which happens less often) and losing more when they fail (which happens more often). Directors are working under such pressures that two of the most celebrated, Sir Tyrone Guthrie and Elia Kazan, have abandoned Broadway. Says Mr. Kazan from his new post as director of the Lincoln Center Repertory Company: "I've moved from there and am happy where I am." Our best scene designers, artists like Jo Mielziner and Peter Larkin, are more and more having to go outside the theatre to make a living. Actors are growing weary of playing one role for the longer and longer periods it is requiring to make profits—often in plays they don't respect, and to colder and colder audiences. As for American playwriting on Broadway, it appears to have reached an all-time low. Taking those plays that were selected as "best" by the editors of *The Best Plays* series, we find that from 1950 to 1953, twenty-five of the thirty plays selected were American, and of these 64 per cent were classified as hits (financially profitable). From 1960 to 1963, only sixteen of the thirty were new American plays done on Broadway, and of these only 25 per cent were hits. Another interesting statistic is that in 1952-53, eleven of forty-three new plays were hits and three of eight musicals were hits. In 1962-63 three of thirty-eight new plays and two of eleven musicals were hits. Such mathematics must inevitably lead to a continuing decrease in new plays and a preference for musicals. (Because of the importance of the musical, *SR* has polled some leading composers and lyricists to find out how they feel about the present trend in musical comedy; see page 46).

This deterioration of Broadway is perhaps the natural reaction of art to show biz. If Broadway wants to hang on to art, it should find ways of being more hospitable to it. It now has a treas-

I READ MANY BOOKS a year. I see many movies. Most of them are not outstanding hits, but I enjoy the two habits. They are a part of my life.

The major problem is to get the theatre in a position and condition where it, too, can be a part of our lives, a pleasant and sometimes extremely rewarding experience. At present, going to the theatre is always an "event" because of the price and unavailability of tickets. For an "event," only the "hit" will do. Thus we have only "hits" and no "body of work."

I wish there could be a "paperback theatre," or one like the Museum of Modern Art filled with young people who are "living." I am hopeful that Lincoln Center is the first of many steps in the right direction.

—ROBERT ANDERSON, *author of Tea and Sympathy, All Summer Long,* and *Silent Night, Lonely Night.*

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ury of almost 500 living playwrights who have written at least one work deemed good enough to be produced on Broadway (about 100 of these are good enough to have had plays selected by editors of the *Best Plays* series as being among the ten best of a past season). Yet, in a given season, only a handful of established playwrights are represented on Broadway. Similarly, Broadway has many established performers of recognized highest quality who are not appearing on the stage. And it has a lot of creative imagination that has nowhere to function.

While the results of this survey may seem gloomy and discouraging, it is worth hoping that they will help bring about a change for the better in Broadway's methods of operation, and prompt a reorganization of today's increasingly unworkable and unsatisfactory system.

Replies to the *SR* survey suggest that some of the things Broadway might do are these:

► Revise ticket distribution methods completely and start a supervised central box office.

► Hire stage crews, treasurers, etc., by the year and give them all the employee benefits people normally get in other industries. But eliminate featherbedding and other practices that tend to prevent optimum artistic results.

► Reduce large salaries. (Actor Richard Burton, who can command one of the top figures, was among those making this suggestion.)

► Use all means to cut costs, particularly operating costs, in order to bring down the price of tickets.

► Use all means, including lowering the price of tickets, to bring younger and middle-income people back into our theatre audiences (see Robert Anderson's reply on page 28).

► Encourage a better quality of producer to make the theatre his profession. Producer Roger Stevens has pointed out that the same amount of work and financing can be much more profitable in almost any other business. And veteran publicist Richard Maney makes the amusing suggestion that we "make it obligatory for producers to take aptitude tests a month before the start of rehearsals of the work with which they are about to outrage the public."

► Encourage a change in the climate of drama criticism so that reviews will become intelligent and lively discussions of plays rather than ponderous judgments or smart-alec exercises in invective (see William Inge's comments on this page).

► Do something to help playwrights. Most of the above suggestions would of course help, but most of the replies—and there were many that touched this base—included the word "subsidy."

All these changes are interrelated and must be accomplished simultaneously. One group of people is not likely to make sacrifices if it suspects that another group is not. Playwright Howard Lindsay goes even further when he states that the most important problem facing the Broadway theatre is "its slowness in reaching financial bankruptcy and the fresh start when love of the theatre will be strong enough for the various groups in the theatre to accept sacrifice and hardship and compete in contributions rather than exactions."

I WONDER THAT WE always seem so concerned by the condition of our theatre. Is this a *genuine* concern? Study the criticism of the last three decades and admit the scathing mockery of our theatre. One can learn to respect even a failing invalid. Is it any coincidence that the total disappearance of any theatre in a city the size of Chicago follows the long reign of newspaper criticism that has seemed at times so vicious that show people can be forgiven for wanting to avoid such a bitter climate? I think we have now the only kind of theatre one can expect after years of being dominated by the superior press.

The theatre now is like an overdisciplined child too cautious to assert itself. The New York theatre is controlled by the *New York Times*. No play of any serious intention can hope to survive without its endorsement. I do not consider the *Times* vicious, but all criticism is bound to be at least to a degree arbitrary. Criticism should aim to illuminate, not to dominate. If we could produce in our theatre without needing the financial security promised by newspaper endorsement, we might see something new evolve. But frankly, I don't see how we're going to do this without subsidy.

I find that I'm really not very interested in theatre any more, and I wonder if many *are*. After all, it's a pretty antique institution that has lost its ability to reflect the contemporary scene. It should give up its aspirations to being an education medium when schools and TV do the job much better. The theatre, if it is to survive at all, must remember its entertainment function. The way it is now we don't feel we've gotten our money's worth in a theatre unless we come out of it laden with guilt, kicked in the stomach with social blame. When we do see a pleasant comedy we've nothing in life to relate it to. Theatre is, of course, a reflection of life. Maybe we have to improve life before we can hope to improve theatre.

—WILLIAM INGE, former drama critic of the St. Louis *Star-Times* and subsequently author of a number of plays including *Come Back, Little Sheba, Picnic, Bus Stop, The Dark at the Top of the Stairs,* and *Natural Affection.*

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2. Off-Broadway

THE Off-Broadway Theatre, since the beginning of its current boom (circa 1952) to the present, has bred and developed such creative talents as Edward Albee, Arthur Kopit, Jack Richardson, Jack Gelber, Tom Jones, and Harvey Schmidt; such directors as Jose Quintero, Joseph Anthony, Alan Schneider, and William Ball; and such performers as Kim Stanley, Geraldine Page, Jason Robards, Jr., George C. Scott, Alan Arkin, Barbara Harris, Colleen Dewhurst, Salome Jens, and Nancy Wickwire—not to mention actors like George Maharis and Peter Falk, who have left Off-Broadway for Hollywood. Some of the best Off-Broadway productions hold an important place in our theatre history. Consider, for example, the rediscovery of *Summer and Smoke, The Iceman Cometh, The Threepenny Opera,* and *The Crucible;* the introduction of Ionesco, Genet, and Behan (not to mention Beckett and Pinter, whose financially unprofitable Broadway debuts were followed by Off-Broadway stagings of others of their works); the readings of *Under Milk Wood, I Knock at the Door, Pictures in the Hallway* at the YMHA; the joyous impact of *Simply Heavenly* and *Black Nativity;* the emergence of Joseph Papp and his determined New York Shakespeare Festival, which expanded out of a lower East Side church to become New York City's richest and cheapest form of higher pleasure; *The Premise* and *Second City,* which created a whole new kind of improvised entertainment; and, most sensationally of all, the erratic odyssey of the Living Theatre, which produced *The Connection.* Less dramatic but equally important are the steady contributions made by the Phoenix Theatre, City Center, the Matinee Theatre Series of the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA, the APA Repertory Company, and persistent Off-Broadway producers like Stella Holt, Joseph Beruh, Ted Mann, Richard Barr, Clinton Wilder, Lucille Lortel, and Judith Rutherford Marechal.

But for all its glorious achievements, Off-Broadway has become harassed with many of the troubles of Broadway and a few of its own. According to Miss Holt, a production she staged for $500

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Temporary Theatre, Permanent Example

By EDWARD F. KOOK, *vice-chairman of the Board of Standards and Planning for the Living Theatre and president of Century Lighting Inc.*

"SWEET are the uses of economy." That's a dangerous sentiment for one whose activities include the manufacture of theatrical lighting equipment. But the impact of the new ANTA-Washington Square Theatre on future theatre structures in New York City must be examined. For here, at a time when the city has had no new legitimate theatre built in the past thirty-six years because no one could amortize an estimated building expense of at least $4,000,000 (exclusive of real estate cost), we have suddenly discovered that a theatre can be constructed for $525,000. Moreover, many consider it the most exciting theatre building yet erected in New York.

It is exciting even before the performance begins. From the moment you enter the top of the aisle and look down the steeply pitched bank of seats partly crowding around the open stage, there is an atmosphere of theatre. One feels that whatever is going to take place on the stage will be of central importance.

Since this room has no separation between performer and audience, there is immediate warmth and intimacy in the air. Furthermore, this type of seating arrangement strikes us instantly as more democratic than the conventional one. With more vertical dimension and good seeing angles from all seats, there is far less consciousness of any one seat being greatly superior or drastically inferior to any other. And with no balcony or boxes there is virtually no sense of "status" sought or felt.

But the real test of any theatre comes when the performance begins. And here, too, this theatre is surprising. Designer Jo Mielziner has colored his seats in shades of blue that are darker for those seats located near the sides than for those in the center. This not only helps make possible a greater auditorium darkness at performances when the house is not full, but minimizes the audience's awareness of any unglamorous emptiness.

There is a booth from which (for the first time in any large legitimate Manhattan theatre) the lighting cues are given by a man who can see the entire stage. Most amazing of all are the fine acoustics that have been achieved by the creation of irregularly-surfaced concave walls. Audibility is helped both by the bowl shape of the seating arrangement and the fact that there are no impediments like a proscenium arch or overhanging balcony. Such acoustics allow the 1,158 spectators (at capacity) to hear well without any electronic sound amplification.

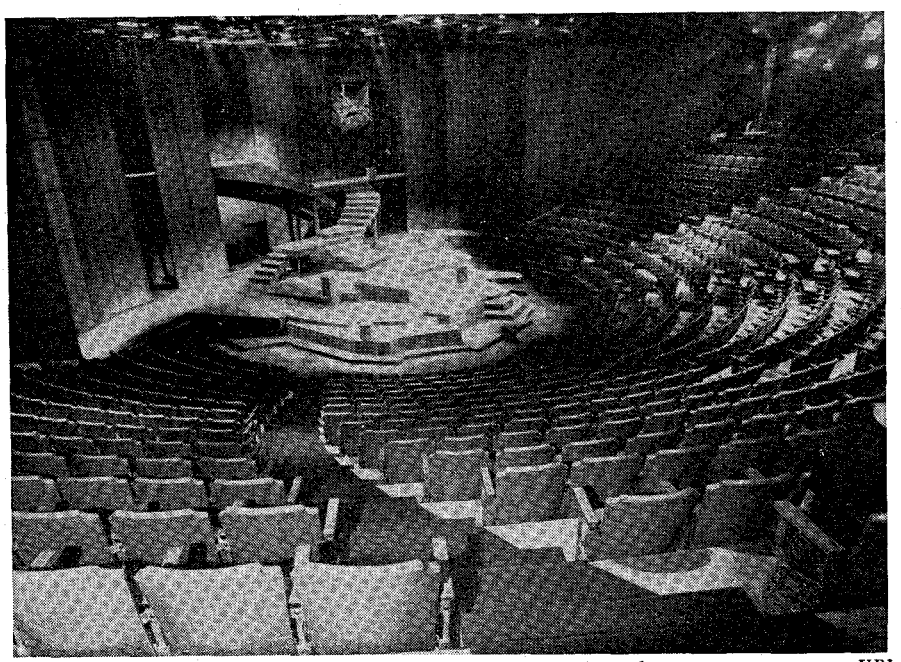
The stage itself is equipped with an ingenious device of specially constructed screens made to slide across the stage floor to cut off sight of the area behind them. These are installed at three depths (25 feet, 32½ feet, and 40 feet) and when closed form graceful arcs. In this theatre, which could not afford to build a grid high above its stage, these screens do the job nicely.

There are, of course, certain drawbacks to the theatre building. The exterior of the building is not striking and might well be mistaken for a small industrial plant of some sort. The lobby is too small for the building's audience capacity. The thirty-two-inch space between rows is a bit tight; an extra inch would have been more comfortable, but would have cost a whole row of seats. The lack of forestage exit tunnels (like the ones at Stratford, Ontario) complicates the performers' task by forcing them to make long upstage departures from front and center stage positions. Furthermore, Mielziner's irregular step arrangements, while they strongly reflect his own taste as an artist, have disadvantages.

Beautiful as these modeled steps and platforms are, the designers of subsequent productions must work with them, too. While each designer can rearrange these elements according to his own taste, he cannot reshape the elements themselves to express his own distinctive character as fully as he might like.

However these compromises and shortcomings all resulted from the necessity of meeting a very limited budget, and they should not lead one to underrate the total achievement of this remarkable theatre.

It would be wonderful if, when the Lincoln Center Repertory Company moves to its permanent Vivian Beaumont Theater in the fall of 1965, New York University, which so generously loaned the land, could find a way to leave this theatre standing and turn it over to someone like Joseph Papp and the New York Shakespeare Festival to use for winter seasons. However, even if NYU cannot do this, the beauty of this structure is that it can be readily dismantled and, except for its concrete bowl base, re-erected on some other public ground.



The ANTA in Washington Square—a $525,000 bargain. *UPI*

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NEW YORK'S NEWEST SHOWPLACE

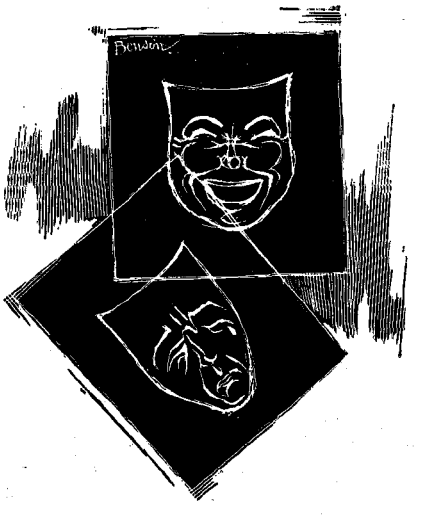
AN UNBORN theater, like anything else in that prenatal state, is an object of unlimited promise, great hopes, some fears, and no little speculation. In such a condition, precisely, is the newest addition to the world's family of mammoth showplaces, the New York State Theater Lincoln Center, which will meet its appointment with destiny promptly at 8:00 P.M. on Thursday, April 23, when the New York City Ballet raises the curtain for its first public showing.

However, as there is something to be said for planned parenthood where animate objects are concerned, there is even more to be said for it with inanimate objects. Men and beasts can be subject to conditioning, guidance, education, and vocational training that will fit them for the rigors of life. But once a theatre is built, it can hardly be unbuilt or easily rebuilt. In this respect, the New York State Theater—a singularly unappetizing description for a structure which, it is generally agreed by those who have viewed it as it has evolved, is one of the handsomest combinations of design and function that New York can show—is more blessed than most. It has been under construction, if only mentally, since 1935, and not much more in the way of heredity can be asked than that.

The date is the one assigned by architect Philip Johnson to the first mention to him of such a project by his friend and long-time ballet enthusiast, Lincoln Kirstein. "There was not much hope then," says Johnson, "or for a long time afterwards, that such a thing would ever happen." What really made it happen were two lines of action moving from opposite directions toward a not necessarily inevitable point of bisection. One was Kirstein's persistent effort to realize the dream of a permanent American ballet company under the direction of George Balanchine, whom he had first elected as a collaborator in the 1930s; the other was the plan for a development, in the depressed areas of New York's West Side, that came to be known as Lincoln Center. When the New York City Ballet reached the point of meriting a home better suited to its specific needs than the hospitable City Center (a former Mecca Temple on West 55th Street), there was, fortunately, the plan for a vast complex on Manhattan Island where the need was not only recognized but taken to heart.

So, before it is anything else, the New York State Theater is a theater for ballet. The scarcity of such being what it is in the United States—name one—the common presumption would be that a theater suitable for something else ought to be suitable for ballet, too. This misses the essential point that ballet is a singular combination of visual and aural elements and that if one or the other is slighted, the fusion must necessarily be less than complete. So, in the first place, the New York State Theater is designed to provide unimpaired sight lines from all but a fraction of its 2,729 seats; it is provided with a proscenium whose vertical opening is forty feet, in order that patrons on the top side "ring" (as the balconies are known) do not have a truncated view; and it boasts—no idle boast, either—an orchestra pit that can accommodate eighty players easily and more when needed—say, for a *Sacre du Printemps*. The stage floor is designed to suit Balanchine's estimate of the resilience it should offer, and it is covered with quarter-inch linoleum for ideal contact with the ballet slipper.

These are the elements that can be seen from the deep red seats that swing in a broad arc from one side of the burgundy and gold auditorium to the other. Such factors might be likened to the fair hair and blue eyes of a classically bred, ballet-minded child. But even more promising for the future are the structural elements that make up the bred-in-the-bone distinctions of this building. Provisions have been made for all that is wanted in storage space for the complete scenic properties of the company (the inactive as well as the active repertory), plus such prodigies of working space as a main rehearsal hall with a floor area almost identical to that of the stage, several smaller rooms for practice and class purposes—even an orchestral rehearsal hall that can absorb the maximum number of players usable in the pit.



Some may rate such rehearsal halls of major dimensions in the luxury category. But as well as being generally desirable, they are an essential part of the several functions the New York State Theater is meant to serve. Though the New York City Ballet is, for a period of two years at least, the principal company in residence, it shares the premises with the Music Theater directed by Richard Rodgers. This has rehearsal space of its own, though not as abundant as the ballet's, because its needs are more restricted. But, in circumstance where *neither* has access to the main stage or the orchestra pit because they are preempted by a visiting attraction (as will be periodically the case during the year) the work of *all three* can go forward without interruption. Needless to say, there are dressing rooms, scene shops, even facilities for television, as a matter of course in an air-conditioned, year-round plant.

For the immediate future, the schedule of the New York State Theater holds an opening season of four weeks by the New York City Ballet and a lengthy summer engagement by the Music Theater, which will open on July 4 with a revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The King and I*. In between, the Royal Shakespeare Company of England will present a three-week season of repertory and the Bayanihan Dance Company of the Philippines will follow for four weeks. When the Music Theater goes on its first national tour in the fall (it is expected that *The Merry Widow* will be the companion piece to *The King and I*), the New York City Ballet will return, with an interlude in November, during which the Chilean National Ballet will perform and the Schiller Theater in West Berlin will present two weeks of repertory.

It is an important part of the New

(*Continued on page* 63)

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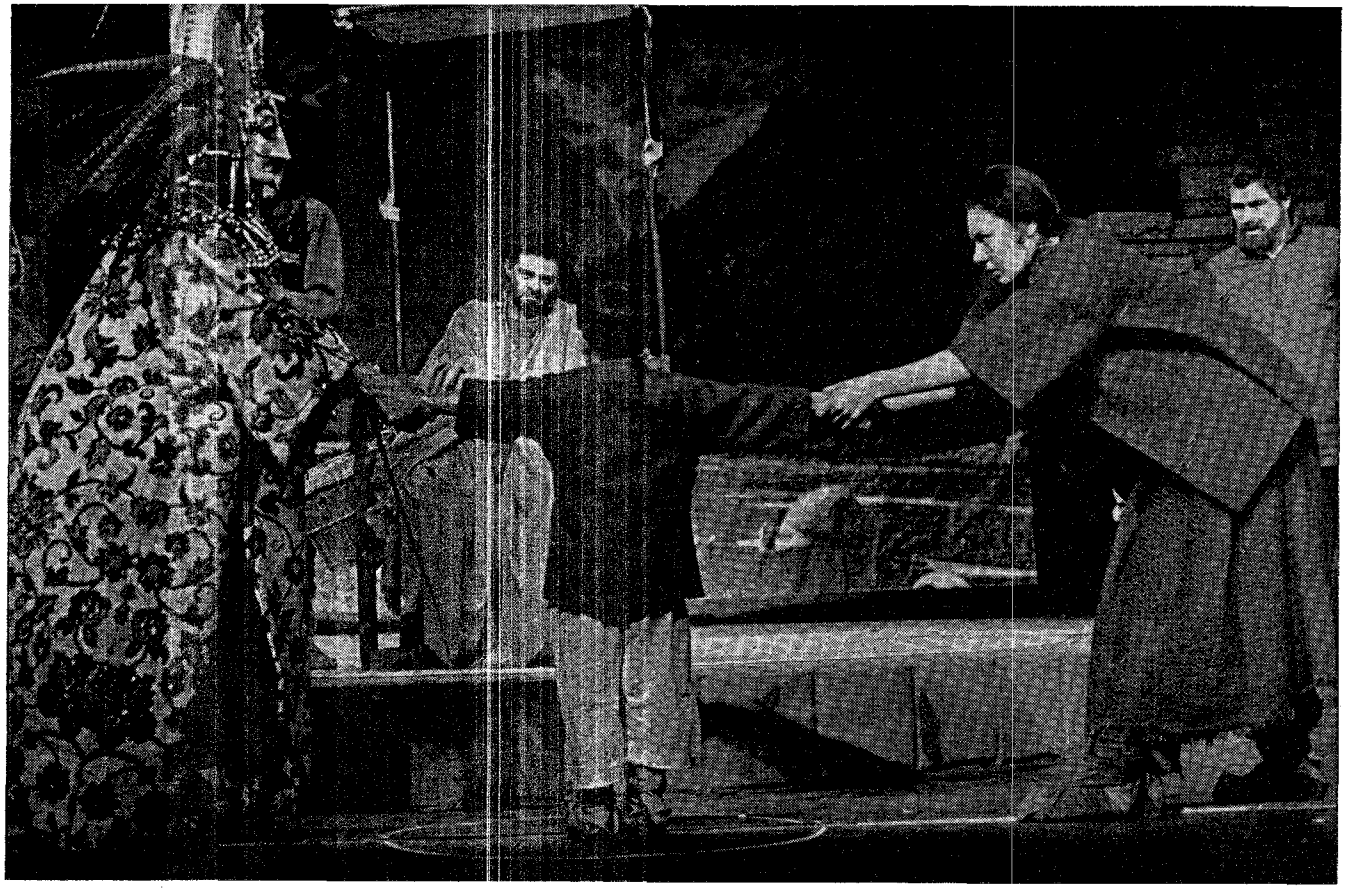

In San Francisco, the Actor's Workshop production of Brecht's *The Caucasian Circle of Chalk*—a new high.

I DON'T WANNA PLAY

By HERBERT BLAU, *co-director of the Actor's Workshop.*

WAR AND LECHERY is the theme of Shakespeare's Thersites, that scrofulous chorus to the cold war of Troy. He improvises around the decadent tents like an archaic Lenny Bruce, squeezing the pus of the body politic. In the labyrinth of his fury, Thersites knew that Hector would die and die brutally—for it was Hector who tried to end the siege of violence by reason. If Thersites were making our scene, he'd have been no more surprised by the assassination of President Kennedy than by the extra-Congressional activities of Bobby Baker. If he had seen Lee Oswald murdered on television, he would have known it for what it was—the very consummation of the "pseudo-event": the action that didn't happen until it was reported, was reported almost before it happened—and turned out grisly.

There was Agamemnon's boil, right in the living room.

If our world has become such an insubstantial pageant that Thersites speaks to the botchy heart of it, it is in such a world that we must make our theatre. And the problem of *where* we make it is as nothing compared to *what* we make of it.

I am speaking of the plays we do, the way we do them, and how they bear upon our lives. The issue is not only survival, but survival with honor and good conscience. "The play's the thing," we say, and carry on as if it never existed.

Take the play we are rehearsing right now. What are we to make of it? It comes from Europe, but how does it relate to American life and to the profession of theatre in this country?

Max Frisch's *Biedermann and the Firebugs* is about a man—a host in spite of himself—who helps his guests to burn his house down. The play is a parable on totalitarian movements and the way the bourgeois mind capitulates out of fear, guilt, rationalization, cover-up, and downright cowardice. There is a chorus of firemen to give warnings and cry woe and, as civil servants, to see that the catastrophe is brought off in perfect order.

However, like Brecht—who felt that Mother Courage's suffering taught her nothing at all—Frisch has no great confidence in our ability to learn from experience. Does art imitate nature? The New York theatre surpasses it. As the cold war chafes to a wary stalemate, Broadway is scandalized by "ice."

Aroused piety puts the blame for ticket scalping on a corrupt few or on unfortunate economics. When I read the testimony at the hearings, I am reminded of Biedermann discovering the gasoline in his house. The barrels loom in the attic as high as the eye of Jimmy Durante's elephant. "What barrels?" he says.

WHEN something stinks in the state of Denmark, no Dane is exempt. And the economics of the New York theatre are but the fiduciary odor of impoverished value. What is under the counter is in the plays and in the lives of the people who produce them and perform them and write about them—and everybody knows it. What is appalling is the way they learn to live with it. As compensation for making the rounds, the actor

(*Continued on page* 39)

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ASK ME LATER

By STANLEY YOUNG, *a playwright and publisher who now serves as executive director of ANTA.*

EVER since last May, when I shelved the (by comparison) carefree life of playwriting and publishing for a new job, my old friends have as politely as possible asked me, "Just exactly what does ANTA do?" At first the question made me mildly indignant. After all, one would expect that some of the aims and activities of an organization chartered by Congress as far back as 1935 would have become pretty well known by now.

The fact seemed to be that ANTA, in spite of a considerable number of creditable accomplishments, had only a dim and somewhat ghostly public image. Though committed by its original tax-exempt charter "to extend the living theatre beyond its present limitations, bringing the best in theatre to every state in the Union," ANTA had, either through bad management and lack of funds and staff, or through an unclear definition of purpose—or through all of these together—nowhere near achieved its ambitious stated goal.

To be sure, it had acquired a theatre in uptown New York and was gloriously in the process of possibly committing financial hara-kiri by erecting a downtown theatre in Washington Square to house temporarily the new Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center.

Furthermore, it had administered the International Cultural Exchange Program for the State Department, was currently sponsoring the National Repertory Theatre, and was (and still is) affiliated with UNESCO and a number of other groups that, listed together, make alphabet soup; ITI (International Theatre Institute), AETA (American Educational Theatre Association); BSPLT (Board of Standards and Planning for the Living Theatre); USITT (United States Institute of Theatre Technology). But what, in one simple declarative sentence, did we actually do?

I discovered that behind its high-sounding name and eminent board of directors, composed almost exclusively of worthies in the theatre (busy personalities, usually absent from meetings!), and behind its thirteen chapters across the country, its dozen volunteer regional directors, its scattered and sparse membership throughout the fifty states, ANTA was primarily a service organization administered by a small, nerve-racked band of employees in a ramshackle building of old theatre nesters at 1545 Broadway. Harried by lack of funds and lack of staff, it was doing a remarkably good job of answering questions about the theatre for all and sundry, of supplying guest artists, directors, and speakers to theatre groups across America, of getting out bulletins and technical information to its far-flung membership, and of acting as theatrical ambassador to hundreds of visitors, national and international, in need of everything imaginable, from information on a new lighting board to tickets for a new hit.

But, quite obviously, this service, though increasingly called for and capable of boundless expansion, is neither very glamorous nor creative and falls far short of the purpose and activities of the great national theatres of Europe. How, then, does ANTA become an important national theatre with a creative program of production or, at least, become a catalyst in such a program?

As a first step, I would say that the ANTA Theatre on 52nd Street might well become a showplace where American plays at popular prices (say, at a $3 top) could be seen the year round. We have, at present, no theatre of this kind where we can assay our theatrical heritage, no place where young people can discover their own stage history at reasonable prices. Except for occasional revivals of O'Neill, good American plays, even of the immediate past, are seldom on the boards.

The late Van Wyck Brooks gave America, almost singlehandedly, a literary heritage by systematically recording the creative life of the written word from Cotton Mather to Hemingway. Through productions of American plays from pioneer days to the present, we might discover our dramatic heritage and thereby achieve one goal, among many, of a national theatre.

I do not limit this notion of American revivals to New York City. I believe the immediate future of theatre lies largely outside this provincial region and the prevailing taste of its so-called sophisticated urban audience. I would hope that ten years from now a traveler across America would be able, as in Europe, to find in any considerable city a good theatre, opera house, and symphony serving a public need.

Of course, any renascence in the theatre obviously starts with good scripts. It becomes imperative that we also concern ourselves with finding proper outlets, workshops, and productions for the playwright and with showing a constant interest in his economic survival. Good directors, actors, even an audience, will follow if we build a better play-trap. ANTA is now trying a pilot project whereby some eighteen professional American playwrights will commit a new play to fifty university and community theatres across the country prior to, or along with, a Broadway opening. Let's see what happens when there are fifty first nights across America. At best, we can expect some excitement and blood on the proscenium; at worst, a stimulating chaos.

IDEALLY, our organization should perform a function not greatly dissimilar to that of the Arts Council of Great Britain. Through a staff of paid (not volunteer) regional directors, it should assist, both financially and in an advisory role, the principal theatre groups across the country who are struggling toward higher professional and artistic excellence. I emphasize the word "professional" because I have little patience with a national theatre movement that aims simply at having more productions without reference to quality. Theatrical activity may, at one level, be only community therapy, but its enduring value lies in its ability to hold up a mirror to life so skilfully that it reflects to an audience an experience that somehow throws a moment of light on the enormous dark mystery of existence.

At present, it is our larger foundations—notably Ford and Rockefeller—that have selected good theatre groups throughout the country and offered them financial support toward the realization of their several creative goals. It would be unrealistic to hope that ANTA would ever have the means to offer such endowment. But with money and personnel, it could supply constant professional attention to theatrical events around the country—an attention that the diversified interests of the foundations do not, I would suppose, permit. What André Malraux, as Minister of Culture, is doing on a national basis for the French theatre and what Nigel Abercrombie does for English theatre within the Arts Council of Great Britain should be tried by some theatre organization in America. I can only conclude that ANTA must have failed in the past, or else Congress would have allotted its created agency the funds to do a comparable job here.

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The Devourers of Genius

WILLIAM JAMES ("WILLIE") SIDIS was that most tragic of men, a genius born out of his time. His intellectual gifts were so prodigious that we can only wonder what would have happened if this turn-of-the century boy wonder had come along today.

Willie Sidis was born in Boston in 1898, the son of a self-educated Russian immigrant who by sheer brilliance had become an instructor in the psychology department at Harvard. The elder Sidis, a fiercely unorthodox thinker, contended that in the earliest years of life children were perfectly capable of mastering complex subjects. Instead, the infant is born, he said, into a world that starts by burbling baby talk at youngsters and ends by using both force and suggestion to fit them into the Procrustean bed of its notions about what a child can and cannot learn.

Sidis was determined that this should not happen to his Willie. So he gave the child his head, encouraging him to think and act like an adult.

For better or worse, the results were phenomenal. At the age of six months, Willie knew his ABCs cold. At two, he could speak, spell, and read books written for adults. Before reaching the age of three, he had worked out a formula for determining which day of the week any given historical date fell on. At four he was typing letters to adult friends in excellent English and French.

When Willie was eight he was graduated from Brookline High School, where he had spent much of his time helping teachers to grade math exams. He had already passed MIT's entrance exams, but when he applied to Harvard, the entrance committee suggested he take a few years off to let his personality catch up with his intellect. Willie thereupon spent several years reading works in Greek, Latin, German, Russian, French, Turkish, and Armenian.

He then entered Harvard in 1909, at eleven. Soon he was getting straight A's and lecturing to the Harvard Mathematical Society on "Fourth-Dimensional Bodies." According to contemporary newspaper reports, only a handful of the mathematicians who attended his lecture knew enough math to keep even with the boy wonder.

But throughout his later years at Harvard Law School, Sidis was tormented by his growing realization that the world outside the academic enclosure saw him as a faintly ludicrous, even grotesque, figure. While studying in his college rooms, he would look up to find reporters peering in at the window, asking questions whose theme was, "How does it feel to be a freak?"

His sense of alienation was heightened when strangers in the street, and sometimes his own classmates, said slighting things to him. Though he had long since understood that his intellectual powers made him a man apart, it had not occurred to him that people would bitterly resent his brilliance.

Rightly or wrongly, he concluded that if he was to survive as a human being on good terms with his fellows, he must become an "average" man. Having made this dramatic and tragic decision, he threw intellectualism over completely on the day he graduated from law school. He then set out across country on a bizarre, pathetic odyssey. The aim of his wanderings was to discover the secret of being a regular fellow, accepted by the populace at large. A tall, powerfully built man, he knocked about the country for two decades, working as a fruit-picker, a heavy laborer, and a helper in shipyards. At all costs he refused work that required heavy thinking. "That's the boss's job," he would say. "Just show me what to do."

Yet his powers of mind seemed undiminished. Once a fellow worker recognized him from old newspaper clippings. Thinking to test Sidis's well-publicized aversion to things intellectual, the man obtained galley proofs of a forthcoming book on Einstein's relativity theory, which was still little understood by most mathematicians. He then sat across from Sidis at a cafeteria table and pretended to read the galleys, thinking Sidis might come alive on seeing columns of equations.

According to the man, Sidis spotted the equations, studied them from across the table upside down, then pointed to a number and said, "Excuse me, but they've made a mistake here. This should be a six, not a seven." And, still according to Sidis's co-worker, a check with the publisher proved that the one-time boy genius was right.

SIDIS finally died in 1946, in a rented room near Boston, his splendid mind still largely unused except in the pursuit of his hobby, the collecting of trolley-car transfers from all over the U.S.

However one assigns the blame for the tragedy of Willie Sidis, the fact is that our inability to use his talents was a loss to science and a reproach to the national conscience. Indeed, his fate raises the question of how many thousands of other, less visible Americans of his day made a similar decision and failed to take the steps leading to intellectual fulfillment.

Fortunately, things are somewhat different today. Our intellectuals commute effortlessly between Washington, the campus, and lucrative jobs as consultants to industry. And some of them are becoming folk heroes through frequent appearances on TV panel shows. Altogether, the market for brainpower is now bullish, and the climate for genius is correspondingly friendly. It seems unlikely, in our time at least, that a new Willie Sidis will be devoured or defeated by an unknowing or hostile "normalcy."

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Tobacco Battle

THIS ANTI-CIGARETTE bandwagon is positively repulsive. I hold no brief for tobacco or the tobacco companies, but the present whipping-boy furor is the epitome of America's lack of consistency and intellectual honesty.

No one is campaigning to curtail the sale or advertising of alcohol, cars, guns, pesticides, and other lethal products. Each of these has one characteristic and undemocratic evil not shared by tobacco—the victims of use, misuse, and overuse are frequently innocent bystanders.

Let's stop crash-programing our guilt complexes. Smoking hurts only the smoker; it should be at the bottom of the list of dangers from which a free people must be protected. When I am safe from drunken drivers, careless hunters, and spray-happy farmers, there may be some logic in saving me from myself.

DOROTHY T. SAMUEL.

Urbana, Ill.

"THE DANGER BEYOND SMOKING" [*SR*, Jan. 25] was thought-provoking. It may astonish N.C. to learn that many, many individuals who have a *joie de vivre* are indifferent to death. If smoking would shorten my life and guarantee that I should not end my days as a decaying vegetable in an institution for the senile, or a living corpse, deformed and broken by a stroke, or a shell of pain from crippling arthritis, I'd gladly smoke three packs a day and enjoy every puff.

To be able to enjoy health, to enjoy creature comforts, to enjoy creativity, to enjoy one's work, to enjoy life, and at the same time to be indifferent to death indicates a mature person, one who is not intimidated by the fear of death. One must die. If death is not caused by cancer or heart failure, it will be caused by something, if only the complete deterioration of the body *and* mind. Is it not more healthful to be unafraid of death and unafraid of life, if any, after death? Must we remain pagans who obey certain man-made rules because of fear of alleged punishment? We can respect life and its possibilities as long as we are truly alive. Many of us would be happy to die in our prime, even in our youth—with cigarette in hand—rather than to live too long.

MRS. HELEN M. SWEENEY.

East Orange, N.J.

YOUR STAND in declining to accept cigarette advertising is certainly a prudent and responsible one.

Your observation, in "The Danger Beyond Smoking," concerning the disrespect for life evinced in people who continue to smoke concerns me greatly. It is but one of many facts that demonstrate how complacent and apathetic many Americans have become. Security in affluence and conformity have apparently become the most important aspects of middle-class life.

Certainly we cannot expect every American to revere life as a poet, to examine it as a philosopher, or to pursue it as one possessed of religious zeal. But life offers too many wonders to apathetically allow it to be lost, even a few years of it.

JAMES JENKINS.

Berea, O.

"Are you interested in a growth stock, high dividends, a share in America's future, or do you just want to make a buck?"

Whose Reality?

JOHN CIARDI'S CRITICISM of James Baldwin [*SR*, Jan. 11] attacks a popular American hero. For that, Mr. Ciardi deserves to be commended, since all "heroes" deserve to be attacked periodically. But the basis of his attack is puzzling and a bit unfair.

He seems to be criticizing Baldwin because Baldwin's view of reality, though stated well and truly, does not conform to Ciardi's conception of "balance." It must be remembered that Baldwin is an artist, as Ciardi is, not a social scientist. It seems legitimate to require of an artist that he paint reality as he sees it, that he do it well, and that it ring true. It does not seem legitimate to require that he subscribe to someone else's view of reality, however unbalanced his own or balanced the critic's.

Our admiration of Baldwin, and we suspect of many other Negroes, is based on his perception of and ability to describe a reality that rings true to us and that is missing from the work of more balanced and less creative writers.

ANDREW and AMY TATE BILLINGSLEY.

Berkeley, Calif.

JOHN CIARDI HAS fascinated me, often amused me to the point of laughter, frequently infuriated me, and always made me thoughtful. But his "Happy Whichever New Year" [*SR*, Jan. 25] is beautiful and has made me weep and admire and continue to read him.

KATHERINE BANTA BOWLEY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Is Excellence Passé?

PLEASE EXTEND MY warm thanks to Emile Capouya for his honest, timely, and intelligent article "On Unperfect Actors" [*SR*, Dec. 14]. It is gratifying to hear such a firm, well-modulated voice in the critical world. His expression was long overdue. If a novice intellectual like myself grows weary of books heralded as great—like the *Classical Handbook* that does not mention Marcus Aurelius or Tarragona—and the mouthing of lines and waving of arms in print as well as on the stage, excellence surely has lost favor in our time.

It was refreshing and inspiring to read Emile Capouya's words.

RALPH A. GROVES.

Santa Ana, Calif.

DO YOU KNOW THAT Emile Capouya's book reviews are worth the price of your magazine many times over? His writing justifies my faith in educated man.

JOE PALMER,
Michigan State University.

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BEFORE he died last year, Clifford Odets was searching for a television drama series in which he could participate regularly. At about the same time, actor Richard Boone (*Have Gun Will Travel*) was trying unsuccessfully to sell a drama anthology series to one of the networks. Playwright and actor were brought together by producers Goodson-Todman.

When Boone told Odets that he wanted to do an anthology series on television, Odets replied, "Is that possible?" The anthology form had failed notably to register the blockbuster ratings required for success in television's big circulation sweepstakes. The two men teamed up, and Boone persuaded Reynolds Aluminum to sponsor *The Richard Boone Show* on the NBC Network.

Midway through the program's first season, NBC announced that it would not schedule the series next year. Boone has had a sad ordeal. Odets died during the program's formative phase. The actor served not only as on-camera host but also as executive producer. There was difficulty getting good scripts; the network would not permit him, he said, to do one particular true story about the bombing of the Los Angeles *Times* because the incident involved labor unions. Boone was bitter about television film directors who, "while directing one show, are thinking about their next assignment."

On the elevated terrace of his Brentwood Heights home, looking down on a swimming pool higher that the trees of an adjacent golf course, the man who had brought Paladin's humanity to the television Western insisted, "The anthology is not dead on television—merely bruised." In spite of many problems, said Boone, the series had reached an estimated 25,000,000 viewers, had developed a loyal, quality-seeking audience, and was working its way up with gradual improvement. Nevertheless, NBC unceremoniously canceled the program. Revealing his disappointment, Boone told me he was "not on speaking terms with the network."

Putting aside the insensitive manners of show biz, Odets's question is still pertinent: Can anthology succeed on television? In anthology, presumably, lies any real hope for serious drama on TV. Could *The Richard Boone Show*, given maximum support and encouragement, have gone on to achieve high enough ratings and quality programs? I think not—for all the star's dedicated commitment to a worthy purpose.

Anthology is possible on television only in a modified form. Programs in an anthology series must partake of a regular, common element, as *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour* and *Kraft's Suspense Theatre* do. One can predict, with unimportant variations, what one will find in a favorite series. Boone attempted the unmodified true anthology: no regular format, completely unanticipated stories—each quite different from the one before. The common element he sought to introduce was his repertory company, a group of talented feature players essaying different roles each week. Economically, the repertory company gave Boone's group the opportunity to rehearse for eight days before they faced the cameras—a luxury that regular television shows cannot ordinarily afford. Its actors felt a commitment to the living theatre, and better acting resulted.

This was the one undeniable achievement of the series—but it was not enough to create a recognizable style that could attract the great numbers of loyal viewers that television demands.

Where ratings are concerned, television anthologies are poor risks because American culture has no repertory tradition, as England has. Rather, American mass-market response to reliable products (by brand) suggests that vast television audiences probably seek more, rather than less, predictable programs. When cast members regularly take on new identities week after week in completely different settings and situations, viewers cannot count on enough that is cozily familiar in each successive show. American TV audiences are apparently less interested in entertainment challenges than in renewing old acquaintances on the video screen.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Music for a Visiting Potentate—*Otello*

IF IT is said of the old guard that "it dies but never surrenders," then it could be said of the avant-garde that it is constantly being reborn but rarely accomplishes anything enduring. As demonstrated in the last of Leonard Bernstein's programs with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra devoted to that subject, nothing is easier to evolve than a new way of writing music; what is rather more of a problem is to evolve a way of writing new music—something that John Cage, Earle Brown, and Morton Feldman of this program were balked from accomplishing by their constant concern with means rather than a useful employment of them.

The usual procedure in evolving a new idea is to take two old ideas, shake well, and serve. In the case of John Cage's *Atlas Eclipticalis* and *Winter Music*, we have the old idea of two pieces that can be played separately or simultaneously, long ago by Mozart, more recently by Milhaud. We also have the familiar notion of deriving a theme from an abstract diagram. Cage does it by superimposing a transparency on a celestial map and deriving his theme from positions of the stars. Villa-Lobos did it in the Twenties by using the skyline of New York for his "positions." Cage's combination of these two old ideas introduces a factor of chance by utilizing contact microphones on each instrument, with their product used or rejected by monitoring from a control panel. The only difference I could discern in two performances was that Cage, at the control panel, was in a louder mood on Friday afternoon than on Thursday night. On Sunday one could introduce an additional factor of chance by monitoring the radio broadcast, on-off, off-on. I liked my version best.

In Earle Brown's *Available Forms II*, Charles Ives's imaginative use of separate musical images as part of a planned totality of concord or discord is robbed of its fantasy and reduced to the mechanics of chance by putting two separate orchestras to work, each with its own conductor playing a series of epigrammatic musical statements. Each can be played in any sequence, like a deck of cards. Never the same twice, which may be a form of advantage.

Morton Feldman's . . . *Out of 'Last Pieces'* comes closest to having a genuinely new idea. Here everything is written out—dynamics, instrumental combination, durations of long and short—except the pitches that are actually performed. These are selected by the musicians themselves. Lukas Foss has done something akin to this (in a more imaginative context), but it does, at least, leave the option to the players themselves. Thus it is possible to have an eclectic Feldman with the Philharmonic, a lush Feldman from the Philadelphia, a continental Feldman from the Cleveland, and so on.

If it should be objected that the well-trained gentlemen of the symphonic profession are hardly experienced in this kind of "chance" expression, the burden of evidence is otherwise. Indeed, they scarcely need the intercession of Cage, Brown, and Feldman to do as well on their own, for they practice such random selection every time they give a concert or have a rehearsal. It is the kind of performance that a visiting Oriental potentate to London, in the 1850s, said pleased him most when he was asked to express a preference about a concert in his honor. "What the orchestra was playing," he recalled, "before the man began to wave a stick."

The first *Otello* of the Metropolitan season took up where last season's new production left off, and immediately took a trend in another direction. This was due to a mixture of elements in which James McCracken as Otello and Robert Merrill as Iago came to closer grips not only with the substance of their own parts but also with the problem of coordinating their actions as villain and victim. John Alexander, as Cassio, added a strong new voice to the totality, and Leonie Rysanek as Desdemonna showed every qualification—physical, dramatic, artistic—for the part, save the indispensable ability to control her vocal sound.

Withal, the crucial part was the one played by Nello Santi, who conducted. His reputation is, of course, in no way comparable (yet) to Georg Solti's, who prepared last year's revival, and he does not operate at such a level of nervous tension. However, his point of view on this score is both informed and discriminating, and he works productively with his singers rather than against them. And, unlike some conductors, who bestride the two horses—orchestral and vocal—of this vehicle as a pair of competitors, Santi kept a strong hand on each to produce the necessary forward impetus. In all, there was every reason to look forward with hope to the subsequent performance of the season, though it is improbable that Miss Rysanek can thin the wooly sound of her lower register, or give a brighter outline to her strong top than it now yields. As for the tacky sets: they show less and less credit for Eugene Berman.

Earlier in the week McCracken indulged in a kind of wind sprint for Otello by singing his first Manrico in *Trovatore*. This is not a part that profits from the kind of power McCracken can summon at will, and he is lacking in the resources of bel canto which it demands. It is, at best, a means of employing his talents between Otellos, or some other taxing role for which he is better equipped than other Manricos. He was hobbled on this occasion by a lame ankle and what sounded like a night of less than maximum vocal freedom, further restricting the impression he made in a cast with Leontyne Price, Mignon Dunn, and Mario Sereni. Thomas Schippers was the conductor.

ARTUR Rubinstein's public was quite content to buy out Philharmonic Hall and Carnegie Hall twice on successive evenings recently without knowing what might be played on any of them, but he was not content to take advantage of that indulgence. On the first program he played the C-sharp minor sonata of Beethoven (*Moonlight*) and, on the third, the B-flat Op. post. of Schubert, both for the first time in New York.

Rubinstein has recorded the Beethoven, so it spoke with a familiar accent. But the Schubert belongs to a category that Rubinstein had long considered better suited to private enjoyment than public exploitation. The judgment, then, would be that he now considers 3,800 in Carnegie Hall as much a part of a private audience as one friend in a living room, and he played the music in just that spirit—simply, eloquently, confidingly, with no endeavor to enlarge the scale of utterance appropriate to it, least of all with rhetorical embellishments.

At the Carnegie Hall concert that opened its first American tour, the Vienna Symphony showed both the good and bad reasons why it rates as the second orchestra in its home town: some congenial traits of instrumental execution, especially in the strings, some shortcomings of ensemble related to spotty personnel. It also showed, in Wolfgang Sawallisch, a conductor of thorough methods and musicality, in Mozart's last symphony and the third of Bruckner. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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I Don't Wanna Play

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secretes himself in the Method and ends up in the Marathon. When I asked one quite intelligent member of the rank-and-file in our great Temple of Art how he can put up, after all these years, with the star system, he said he never expected anything else; it's better than nothing.

Now I never thought of it like that, but I'm sure Thersites did. And if the New York theatre bears a special resemblance to his Troy, there is nothing to guarantee that the canker won't spread now that Decentralization is being given another whirl.

For the New York mentality is everywhere in our theatre. After twelve years of indoctrination, it has not been erased in my own theatre; there are memory traces even in the most committed of my actors. And we have had our losses to Broadway. That doesn't mean we haven't done our proper job, only that the job was enormous. As for those who come belatedly to support the work that has been done outside New York in the last decade, they are unwittingly of two minds. But that which was conditioned first tends to dominate.

So every now and then a visiting fireman, out to encourage Decentralization in the regional theatre, comes to San Francisco and puts the question: "How can you resist New York?" When I realize he really means it, I am prone to say, as the virgin said to the fairy who tried to ravish her, "There is nothing to resist." But he either doesn't believe me or thinks me hypocritical or perhaps afraid to compete at the highest level. This attitude should wane as the regional theatres grow, but they will not grow if our best talent is shamed into self-defensiveness as Hector was into battle.

Any way you look at it, that battle is false.

This is not to deny that there are those who will be beguiled into it anyhow. The deluded will be clapper-clawing around Broadway for a long time to come. They say: "I must go there and see for myself"—what any fool can see from a distance.

That said, we must also recognize that most of the new regional theatres—I include Lincoln Center—are not so much the result of specific artistic aspiration as of a certain penitential social process. The new theatres going up are one of the fringe benefits of massive deterrency. This little piggy has a missile; now he wants culture. Well, good for him. He could do worse. But it would behoove those of us who work in the public art of the theatre to think more about the kind of culture we are going to give him. Those of us who have stayed out of New York are not by that fact alone princes orgulous. If we had nothing to lose but our chains, what do we have to contribute?

If the new growth of the regional theatres constitutes a sort of revolution in the American theatre, it is also substantially without revolutionaries. As we may need a new politics to deal with what is happening in science, we may need a new politics of theatre to understand the possibilities of the new Decentralization. The apparent absence of revolutionaries doesn't mean that nothing significant has taken place or will take place. It may entail a redefinition of the revolutionary process, which usually means assaulting the bastions and breaking down walls. For the first time, the Establishment is opening doors—and coffers—to the potentially dissident. Like it or not, that changes the way you think about things. It may be that dissent can be undermined by institutionalizing it; but there is the other possibility—*once inside the walls of Troy* . . .

A WHILE ago, I gave a talk to the Actor's Workshop company in the more intimate of our two theatres, with the set of Harold Pinter's *The Birthday Party* behind me. We had just refurbished the theatre, and some of the company were a little disdainful of the décor. This was the theatre where we had done our most crepuscular and eschatological plays. The décor seemed too poshy—as if we were selling out our subterranean antecedents. "It's bourgeois," somebody said. No doubt about that: by our standards, he was right. But I had always felt the Workshop has brought a certain middle-class solidity to its passion for estrangement, and I remarked, "What if tomorrow we were offered a $2,000,000 building? How would you feel about *The Birthday Party*? Would we be the same theatre?" I don't think we would, but I would certainly hope we would bring to that new theatre (everybody agreed we should accept it) what we learned when we were less affluent, so that—whatever our accommodations—they would have to provide for our old premises. The premises: that it is the function of a theatre to inquire into moral crisis, questions of identity, the texture and shape of anxiety; to explore the forms of conflict that are minimized or concealed in our mass media; and to provide for those who work in it some active critical relationship to the community, which it serves without servitude.

It was possible for me to talk of old premises because we were a *theatre*. Whatever our flaws, there was genuine continuity. We had produced nearly 100 plays, and not merely as haphazard pickup productions but as part of a self-conscious process, with a nucleus of people who had been together for a good number of years. Behind our discussion was the idea that the theatre is not simply a place in which you produce plays more or less well, but a place in which, by cultivating conflict in the artistic form most devoted to it, you may shape a collective life. One can share that life only to the limit of his commitment, but there is undeniably something to be shared. If there is gasoline in our attic, it is our common business to smell it out. The task of developing such a theatre during the atomistic silence of the cold war was no easy one; there were times when it seemed impossible to keep the barrels from rolling in. Everybody who has ever tried to create a theatre has wanted at one time or another to give it up, or has grown dizzy in persistence. This part of our enterprise was always summed up for me at moments of panic by my partner Jules Irving, who would stick a finger in his mouth, pop his cheek and say, "I don't wanna play!"

But we played nevertheless—almost to the point of absurdity (no wonder Beckett really meant something to us), and the major accomplishment of those years was to have certified a public existence. If we get that $2,000,000 building, there should be something worth putting in it. It may turn out to be an adjunct of city planning, but it will be no comfort, I trust, to the real estate developers.

THE very breakout of regional theatres is part of the convolution that is bringing art back into society. After years of inbred technique, artists and those who believe in art are anxious to reconcile the claim of public responsibility with the obsessions of the secret life. But given a world of ambiguous power, our secret anxiety may be that the play is next to nothing, the theatre impotent and unnecessary, with as much relevance as a pacifist in the Pentagon.

Are we necessary? If all the new theatres never opened and the existing ones closed, would there be more dismay than there was during the newspaper strike in New York? That testified in large measure to the shallowness of our mass media. If the theatres were to disappear, would there be a sense of famine? I can hear Thersites snickering in the wings. Nevertheless, if only out of personal impulsion, I believe it is our task to believe we are necessary and to make ourselves indispensable. And where that impulsion doesn't exist, I don't wanna play!

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Continued from page 29

in 1953 would today cost her $15,000. Such economics are murderous, and it is estimated that 95 per cent of Off-Broadway productions end up in the red. But even people whose shows are in the fortunate 5 per cent aren't very happy about Off-Broadway's economics. (One of these, the producer of Off-Broadway's current long-running hit, *The Fantasticks*, expresses himself on this page).

Replies to the *SR* survey cite a need for the following improvements:

► More reasonable theatre rents. Most continuing Off-Broadway producers buy and renovate their own premises; in the long run these cost much less than rented theatres.

► A profit-sharing plan for creative personnel, beyond prescribed minimum, to protect Off-Broadway productions from the rapid deterioration that now invariably sets in a few weeks after the opening when actors leave and directors are busy elsewhere.

► Encouragement to attend on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, when even the Off-Broadway hits usually play to half-empty houses.

► A scheme for defraying a part of the production costs of new plays with subsidies from foundations anxious to help the new and inexperienced playwright.

► A plan for allotting a percentage of future earnings of a work to its Off-Broadway producer.

3. The Road

THE current trend and great hope, of course, is the spreading of better theatre to places outside New York. Formerly people living in other cities received their theatre via stock companies or touring professional groups. Today most stock companies are summertime enterprises and, partly because New York is five hours rather than five days from any part of the country, what used to be called the road is dwindling.

The touring professional theatre is divided into pre-Broadway tryouts and post-Broadway tours. Broadway producers have recently been resorting to paid previews in New York for shows that would otherwise stand a good chance of losing money on a tryout tour. Elliot Norton, drama critic of the Boston *Record American*, says he thinks many tryout productions do the Boston theatre damage (Boston legitimate theatres have shrunk from seven in only a few years to three today) by presenting what amounts to a fourth week of rehearsal of a new play to audiences that are now learning to wait and see the finished product in New York. And some of the touring companies are so poor that they discourage future theatregoers. Says Mr. Norton; "It's not the ones who write angry letters to the reviewers that stop going to the theatre. It's the people who just quietly disappear after being disappointed or bewildered by what they have seen."

From Chicago, *Sun-Times* critic Glenna Syse states, "The quality of the touring show has deteriorated because insufficient care has been given to casting, and because the director listed in the program is often fictional and always missing." John K. Sherman of the Minneapolis *Star* adds that performances tend to get stale and "broad" after months of touring through the country.

Harold Cohen, columnist for the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, points out that except for the tryout centers, the average key city can now expect no more than ten or twelve touring shows a year. He adds, "The theatregoing habit becomes a casual thing when a playhouse has something one week, then is dark for two or three." He is seconded by Dale Olson, drama critic for Los Angeles's *Daily Variety*, who says, "It is feast or famine here. Often we have two shows going at the same time, and then nothing for several months." Richard L. Coe, critic of the Washington *Post*, says he feels that costs, particularly those that result from the wasteful prac-

I have brought in two Off-Broadway productions. The first was *The Failures*, which I co-produced in 1959. It ran nine performances and was a total loss (and more so, because long after it had closed, I was still paying out to Uncle Sam and to Actor's Equity). The second is *The Fantasticks*, which has already run more performances than any show (except *The Threepenny Opera*) in Off-Broadway history and which, it appears, will be around for a number of years more. Why, then, should I be reluctant to produce Off-Broadway again? Well, I worked on *The Failures* for six months, and it cost me personally many thousands of dollars. *The Fantasticks* took nine months before it opened and eight more months before I could participate in its profits.

The Fantasticks became a hit by the skin of its teeth. When it was quite rocky at the box-office and it appeared that it might not make it at all, I came to the conclusion that if I ever did another production, I'd do it *on* Broadway because the work of the producer is the same, but at least on Broadway the production capitalization can afford considerably more for office expenses, and the 1 per cent of the gross you get while waiting for the show to pay off makes it all somewhat worth while.

How can this situation be improved? I believe people will have to stop dreaming of pie-in-the-sky. One reason *The Fantasticks* is still around is because of the hard-headed, realistic evaluation of Off-Broadway conditions by its authors, before they wrote it. What kind of theatre would it play in? What was its capacity to sustain how much scenery and how many performers? I have read a few hundred plays designated (usually *after* being turned down uptown, of course) for Off-Broadway that included the Red Army, the Salvation Army, the entire population of towns, and forty full-stage sets to be magically whisked before our eyes by use of elaborate turntables. Some of them might have made exciting productions, but the authors were incapable of making the necessary adjustment to a smaller theatre where the seating capacity was sometimes smaller than the cast.

Beside the awareness that theirs had to be a practical show in order to have any run at all, Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt agreed in advance that in the event the production had a losing week, they would accept a 50 per cent reduction of their week's royalty. Now we all know that other authors do take cuts, but usually when it's too late to help. By these authors' willingness to accept such terms *before* disaster, they encouraged the producer to see that they received not only the best possible production (something every author should get anyway, but seldom does), but they also got a production with an inspired sort of dedication. I felt that *I* was being subsidized by the authors, instead of vice versa. I lived on my 1 per cent of the gross (about $30 a week) for eight months. They earned slightly more, but it wasn't easy for them, either.

The lesson here is clear to me. If producers, authors, directors, set designers, and especially theatre owners would slack off on their demands, there would be many productions of much higher quality.

—Lore Noto, producer of *The Fantasticks*, at the 150-seat Sullivan Street Playhouse, it has earned backers a 1,200 per cent profit.

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tice of transferring heavy electrical equipment from city to city, will kill the road in favor of high-quality permanent resident theatres. Sydney Johnson, drama editor of the Montreal *Star*, bemoans the necessity of booking intimate plays and musicals into Montreal theatres that are much too large. Louis Cook, critic of the Detroit *Free Press*, complains that the touring menu has too many musicals in proportion to serious plays. Gynter Quill, drama critic of the Waco *Tribune-Herald*, mentions the scarcity of good plays available to road theatres, particularly plays that are suitable for the kind of small company whose lesser guarantees can be met by smaller cities. Finally, Robert C. Schnitzer of the University of Michigan Professional Theatre Program deplores the damage done when a booked touring attraction like this season's *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* is abandoned.

Among the suggestions involving touring companies were these:

► Foundation subsidy of nonprofit touring companies like the National Repertory Theatre. Eva Le Gallienne said, for example: "I have always said there should be a repertory theatre in this country that is to the great plays what a library is to great books. Right now all we have is a commercial lending library that carries only current best-sellers."

► A central council to screen all touring attractions to make sure they meet minimum professional standards.

► Endorsement of touring shows by top performers. Paine Knickerbocker, drama critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, tells how Edwin Lester freshened the touring production of "Carnival" by hiring Anna Maria Alberghetti and James Mitchell of the original cast to appear in the company when it played in San Francisco. He suggests that such measures might be repeated with other productions and in other cities.

► The touring of good Off-Broadway attractions. Edna Giesen of the Columbia Lecture Bureau, which is doing just this, says sponsors must be taught not to underestimate the sophistication of college audiences and not to regard Off-Broadway plays simply as those not good enough to be presented on Broadway.

► Expansion of subscriptions to Theatre Guild-American Theatre Society productions. Many critics, including Ernest Schier of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, Elinor Hughes of the Boston *Herald*, and Nathan Cohen of the Toronto *Star*, said the present subscription is insufficient to encourage enough high-quality touring attractions. They said they believe that the subscription can and should be expanded to many times its present size. One way to accomplish this goal would be to make tickets available to students at special low prices.

► The adoption of a basic permanent lighting installation in road theatres, as recommended by the Board of Standards and Planning for the Living Theatre. Touring attractions would then need only to transport, put up, and take down a small amount of special equipment with which to supplement what is already installed.

► Construction of new performing arts centers. For example, Norman Clark, drama critic of the Baltimore *News-American*, speaks hopefully of the centers that are rising in his and other cities; but he warns that unless each city sees to it that the managements "wake up" and that their public relations men institute a more vital and wider-reaching program than they have in the past, these new buildings may remain empty.

THE RELATIVE IMPORTANCE of living theatre in our lives today has been greatly diminished by the currents of a changing world. We must face it: the living stage is no longer the *mass* medium of dramatic entertainment. Today's audiences, unlike their forebears, are not constrained to go to a legitimate playhouse for dramas, comedies, musical plays, or revues. These and many other forms of entertainment can be seen on screens of all sizes in movie palaces, art film houses, and above all, the home; the theatre must offer highly superior values in order to lure the public away from mechanical media, as well as from endless other distractions of contemporary living, both in metropolitan centers and suburbs.

The quality and the volume of plays produced on Broadway predetermine the quality and volume of touring professional theatre. Since barely one in eight Broadway productions has the requisite powers of survival and "tourability," the fundamental problem of the road, from which all others flow, is the curtailed supply of attractions. With a reservoir of plays and adequate theatres, the subscription system of the Theatre Guild-American Theatre Society has provided strong support for touring attractions in twenty key cities for more than three decades. But it still needs strengthening to the point where attractions can actually be guaranteed against losses.

—WARREN CARO, executive director of the Theatre Guild-American Theatre Society.

4. Stock Companies

WHILE large music circuses thrive, as do a number of Shakespeare festivals, the average summer stock theatre finds itself facing an increasingly difficult situation. Replies from stock theatre producers generally complain of:

► Difficulty in obtaining the rights to present plays that will attract audiences away from the competition of music circuses and TV. William Putch, who operates a summer theatre on a non-star policy, writes that after eleven years and 110 plays, he finds the play catalogues virtually exhausted. He also complains that recent Broadway successes are now being released first to the nonprofessional market, further complicating his problem.

► The necessity of ultimately accepting well-known stars, who may not necessarily be very talented, in order to attract audiences.

► Rising costs and union rules that do not approach a particular situation on a common-sense basis. One producer claims he could either comply with these rules and go bankrupt, or become a nonprofessional company (which he reluctantly did). While his dilemma was created by the regulations of the technical unions, the professional actors were ultimately done out of jobs, through no fault of their own and no difficulty with their own union's rules.

► Rehearsal-time limitations, particularly when there is only one week of rehearsal (during which some actors must give eight performances of the play they rehearsed the previous week).

It would seem that the best direction for summer stock to take would be toward:

► Placing the emphasis on a good resident company that performs classics as well as modern plays, rather than on the Broadway reputation of a play or a visiting star.

► Working out union problems on a common-sense basis. When there is no profit for the summer theatre producer, the competence of the men operating these theatres must decrease.

► Subsidizing summer theatres for the presentation of new scripts or classics that might otherwise not be financially feasible.

(*Continued on page* 44)

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To enjoy good health, children must learn to eat right—and parents must set the examples

IN MOST FAMILIES, what, as well as how, children eat is determined largely by the food habits and the supervision of the parents. Basic food habits are usually established by the time the child enters school, and these patterns for eating will be a very important factor in the measure of good health and happiness the individual achieves as a child, as a teen-ager, and as an adult.

Eating right—or following good nutrition practices—is one of the important ingredients in building and maintaining a healthy body from infancy through old age. How well young bodies are built and how well they are maintained through later years depends, to a very high degree, upon eating the right foods—right in both variety and quantity.

Far too many parents either do not realize or overlook the damage that can occur when children do not learn good eating habits. Some children do not achieve all that they might in school and in other activities simply because their bodies are not properly nourished, and this happens in high income homes as well as in low income homes.

CHILDREN NEED FIRM FOOD GUIDANCE

The same parents who will spare no effort nor expense to give their children the very best possible start in life oftentimes neglect some of the most basic needs of childhood. Parents will gladly pay for swimming and dancing lessons, to have crooked teeth straightened, to provide the child with an abundance of stylish clothing, to have immunization against measles and smallpox and other diseases. Parents usually want to do everything anyone suggests to help their children, but all too often they overlook the very basic responsibility of teaching their children to eat right. And in this failure they may be depriving their children of much of the good life they want the children to enjoy.

Some people believe that all that is necessary is to set a variety of foods before the children at mealtime and let the children select what they want. This theory that children will eat what their bodies require is discounted these days, and it has been clearly demonstrated that children must be taught, with a measure of parental firmness, to eat the right foods.

It is certainly true that eating food is not simply a matter of satisfying nutritional requirements, for the occasions when food is consumed often take on important social and psychological meanings. Mealtime can be a very pleasant occasion, and thereby encourage the young to eat what has been prepared for them. Or the meal may be a period of family discord, which makes the eating of food much less pleasant and associates the food with unhappy memories.

ADOPT AND FOLLOW A DEFINITE FAMILY FOOD PLAN

Since children do learn most of their basic food habits at the family table, it is extremely important for parents to keep in mind that *the most effective way to teach the young is to set a good example for them to follow.* Parents who eat right, who follow the very simple rules for consuming a well balanced diet, will find it much easier to convince their children to eat right.

The Daily Food Guide which nutritionists have developed should be important in meal planning in every home, and the whole family should be alert to the Guide so that meals and snacks eaten away from home are considered part of the daily food plan. The Guide is easy to follow and allows for very enjoyable eating. It suggests selecting foods from four major groups:

Milk and Dairy Foods: Children and teen-agers should have at least three glasses of milk each day (or its equivalent in such dairy foods as cheese and ice cream). Adults should have at least two glasses of milk each day. Milk is an important source of essential food nutrients required by all ages.

For example, two eight-ounce glasses of milk provide for an adult man 25% of his daily protein needs (and this is very high quality protein); 71% of the calcium (which adults need to keep bones strong even after growth stops, as well as for other vital processes); 15% of the vitamin A (which, among other things, helps to keep mucous membranes healthy and resistant to infection); 46% of the riboflavin (which aids cells in using oxygen and which helps keep the tongue, lips, and skin healthy); 10-12% of the thiamine (which helps keep the nervous system healthy and prevent irritability); 10-13% of the calories (which are essential, of course, and become undesirable only when we consume too many!).

Percentages for an adult woman are slightly higher in each case because the adult female has lower nutrient requirements than the man, but two glasses of whole milk still provide only 14-18% of the daily calorie needs for an adult woman. Calories in milk are often called "armored calories" because they provide so many essential food nutrients, unlike some foods with "naked calories" that add no other nutrients.

Meat, Fish, Poultry, Eggs: Two or more servings each day from this food group provide additional high quality protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin.

Vegetables and Fruits: Four or more servings help assure adequate intake of vitamins and minerals. Selections should include a citrus fruit or vegetable rich in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable rich in vitamin A. To encourage children to learn to eat fruits and vegetables, try the many varieties available.

Breads and Cereals: Four or more servings each day from this group provide protein, iron, B-vitamins, and calories.

Following the Daily Food Guide is easy. Foods may be selected to satisfy a wide variety of tastes, and eating can be an enjoyable occasion for all. The Guide is good insurance that the whole family will be eating right. For your free copy of FAMILY FEEDING FOR FITNESS AND FUN, which includes a copy of the Daily Food Guide, write to the Public Information Department, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

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5. The Resident Professional Company

THE prevailing trend in the American theatre is toward the establishment of resident professional companies. New York began with such Off-Broadway companies as the Living Theatre, Circle-in-the-Square, and the APA Repertory Company (the latter company has moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan). And today it has the Actors Studio Company and the Lincoln Center Repertory Company. Around the country the most important professional resident companies are perhaps Arena Stage in Washington, Actors Workshop in San Francisco, the Dallas Theatre Center, the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis, Houston's Alley Theatre, and the new Seattle Theatre Center.

Within the last two months I have managed to visit three resident professional theatres and have been favorably impressed with what I saw.

In Seattle, director Stuart Vaughan and his administrative cohort, William S. Taylor, have set out on what his Seattle Board of Trustees have guaranteed to be at least a three-year attempt at repertory operation. To their astonishment they were able, in eight weeks of preliminary meetings with Seattle families, to stimulate the community into buying more than 10,000 subscriptions to the program of five plays. And they did this without the advantage of a "name" actor in the company.

Their first three productions (*Death of a Salesman* and *Shadow of Heroes* are to be added to the repertory in February and April, respectively) are not earthshaking. But the quality of acting is as good as that of touring professional attractions that visit Seattle, and in the smaller roles it is in fact better.

King Lear is an ambitious opening bill for any company, and particularly so when a young actor is selected to portray the aged monarch. While Vernon Weddle is convincing, his is a Lear that seems more genuine in its quieter moments. Then, too, Mr. Vaughan seems to be aiming more at an ensemble production that is the balanced story of many lives, rather than one man's aria garnished with brief disjunctive solos by other characters. Thus Stephen Joyce's vital and sensible Edgar now becomes our delegate to the ancient proceedings. And to the extent that Mr. Vaughan has told the whole involved story more clearly than do most productions, he has succeeded.

Obviously more thoroughly enjoyed by Seattle audiences, however, is the company's uninhibited production of Max Frisch's *The Firebugs*. Because they play in a large auditorium with a much too large stage opening (fifty-four feet wide), the chorus of firemen tend to dominate the play. Whereas in a small Off-Broadway theatre the central character's anxieties about arson seemed an inner study of individual neurosis, here the central character's concern is dwarfed by the antics of the gay firemen as they sing "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire" and other pop tunes while they wait for the fire to start. And to remind us that this fire is global rather than merely a minor conflagration, pictures of Hitler and the atom bomb are occasionally flashed on a screen. Conrad Bain offers us an amusingly smug Mr. Middleman, Thomas Hill plays the chief arsonist as a lovable slob, and William Myers is hilariously gruff as the officious fire chief. One can argue that the reckless goings-on obscure a good deal of Mr. Frisch's fascinating demonstration of the subtle process whereby a hard-boiled businessman is destroyed by having his guilt feelings exploited, but they do make a merry evening and make the large point that perhaps our armed forces, like the carousing firemen, are currently waiting for a potential five-alarmer that only a much more concerned public could prevent.

The third production is Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not for Burning*, and the emphasis is again on humor, emphasized by Mr. Weddle's sardonic rather than romantic Thomas Mendip, Pauline Flanagan's Irishly witty lady, and Archie Smith's droll chaplain.

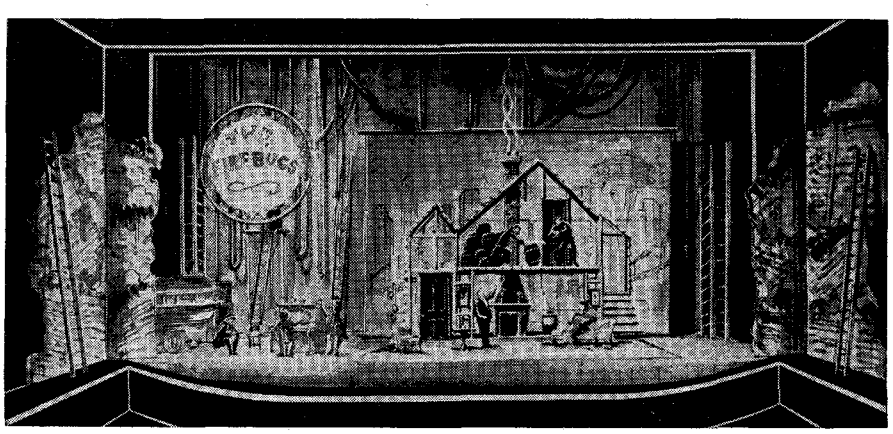
It is a good beginning, and even if it never gets any better it will probably continue to have the support of a community that knows it will find here consistent quality and professional skill.

A company that has a more distinctive character is San Francisco's Actors Workshop. This theatre organization contains dedicated actors and directors working with a strong sense of purpose; it gave the American premieres of Brecht's *Mother Courage*, Pinter's *The Birthday Party*, and Arden's *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*. This year it has attempted something special; to offer the first authentic example by American professionals of the approach to staging used by Brecht's Berliner Ensemble. To do this, it imported Carl Weber, a former director of the Ensemble, who had already demonstrated what could be done with a remarkable production of *Puntilla* at Carnegie Tech two years ago, and allotted twice its usual production budget and rehearsal time. Happily, it has emerged with a highly acclaimed production of Brecht's *The Caucasian Circle of Chalk*.

The entire production represents a remarkable step forward for this young and vital company. With drastically insufficient stage facilities it catches the earthy, humanity-reeking quality of Brecht as well as his unpretentious finding of a popularly entertaining common denominator in this tale of real goodness (as opposed to morality) rewarded. Elizabeth Huddle, an actress of large potential, is physically right as Grusche; with admirable discipline she achieves magnificent sweep through her long series of trying episodes. And the rest of the actors resist the temptations of their ingrained acting techniques to a surprising degree.

At the smaller of its two theatres, Jules Irving has staged what seems like a fresh version of *The Caretaker*, in which Robert Symonds plays the title role as less the outrageous opportunist and more a person who is cautiously trying to survive. And a new play by Conrad Bromberg, called *In Defense of Taipei*, seems, to judge by a few scenes I watched in rehearsal, to be using a boldly experimental technique to penetrate the basic anxieties of a confused contemporary America in a way too seldom found in our conventional theatre.

Of all the permanent resident companies around the United States, none deserves or needs an adequate theatre building more than the Actors Workshop. Happily, Mayor John F. Shelley has announced that there is a strong possibility that the city could provide the land and possibly some tax money for such a structure. And the Ford



Design for *The Firebugs* in Seattle—for a new theatre, a hot start.

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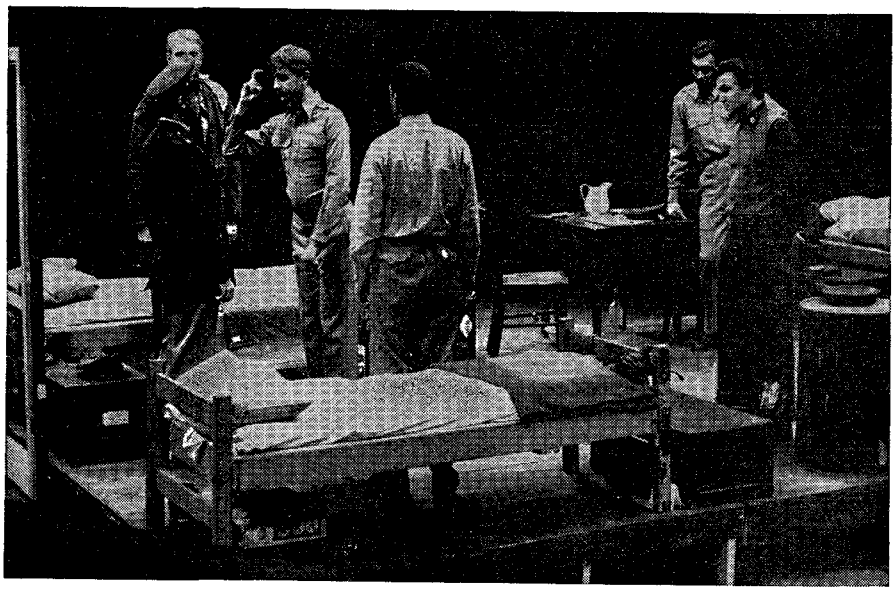

From *Battle Dream*—old war, new playwright

Foundation, which for several years has been encouraging the Actors Workshop, can certainly be expected to supply the sort of matching million-dollar grant that it has already offered companies in Houston and Oklahoma City. If all this comes to early fruition, the accompanying statement by Herbert Blau (see page 32) will be tested not by the relative quality of Broadway, but by the ability of the Actors Workshop to raise its production standards and develop until its relation to the American Theatre is as glorious as Roger Planchon's Theatre de Villeurbane is to the theatre of France.

In Washington, D.C., consistent high quality can usually be found at Arena Stage. *The Egg* and *The Devils* are two American premieres staged here that can stand side by side with Broadway's best achievements. Arena Stage is equally proud, however, of its two most recent productions. The latest, Edwin Sherin's staging of the revised version of *The Wall*, has attracted warm praise from the tough Washington critics, and just before this it produced an Arts of the Theatre Foundation Award-winning new script called *Battle Dream*. The latter is by a New York radio announcer, Herbert Boland, and after seeing this play I should be glad to recommend him for the largest foundation fellowship he can get. For while the World War II subject matter of *Battle Dream* might stand little chance on fashionable Broadway, Mr. Boland's intense, often savage, often funny examination of the anxieties that float around in a bombardier's hut between flights is full of good dialogue and electrifying confrontations.

As for the pressing needs of this rising new branch of the theatre (and we'd better be careful or Broadway may be the branch), they tend to vary from company to company. But the most universal include:

► Community support of theatres, which will make possible high standards of work. A subsidy similar to that now made to libraries, zoos, and museums should be made.

► A new attitude in the performing artist and director, so that he will not be afraid to leave New York City. Exposure of these companies' best work to national attention might help solve this problem.

► A theatre philosophy and style indigenous to its particular theatre and audience.

► The training and development of actors, directors, theatrical administrators, and theatre artisans so that resident professional theatres can become self-sufficient and not dependant upon New York and Hollywood for their personnel. Nina Vance in Houston points out that artists who perform in a resident company require a versatility that is difficult to find among the established Broadway performers.

► The training of audiences to evaluate intelligently for themselves and to appreciate good theatre more than flashy idiosyncratic personal appearances by "stars."

► Subsidy from foundations not only to underwrite playwright-in-residence programs, but also to defray the losses that almost always attend productions of plays by unknown playwrights.

► George Touliatos, of Memphis's Front Street Theatre feels that possibly the most important thing of all is "not to lose one's love for theatre in the process of growing bigger."

6. The Community Theatre

THE Community Theatre label is usually applied to permanent theatres that to some extent operate on a semi-professional basis and that present a season of plays containing a large proportion of recent Broadway hits and revivals of older family-type comedies. (When Broadway or Off-Broadway endorses an antisocial or avant-garde dramatist, however, community theatre will occasionally risk its audience's objections).

Again, there are so many variations in methods of operation that to compare one with another is virtually impossible, and to separate these from resident professional theatres is to demote several of them unfairly. Whenever a resident professional company operates side by side with a community theatre, each tends to become as different as possible. One may go to Pinter's *The Caretaker* while the other embraces *Under the Yum Yum Tree*.

The problems of the better community theatres are roughly the same as those of the resident professional ones, but they share with summer stock operators the problem of obtaining rights to recent Broadway hits while these plays are still fresh to their audiences.

With proper subsidy, some of the more ambitious companies might well be encouraged to become full-fledged professional companies in cities where there presently are none. Would they then have to drop *Under the Yum Yum Tree* from their menus? I don't know. But, for what it is worth, it is interesting to recall that one of the most widely produced American plays in govern-

(*Continued on page* 50)

Mirroring people to themselves is a sensitive and delicate function not lightly entrusted. The actors in a repertory theatre must not only be trained in their craft and dedicated to a tireless pursuit of perfection in it, but must also seem the kind of people with whom the rest of humanity is willing to identify itself. A vital and growing city deserves a theatre that can undertake these noble efforts capably and joyously. so that going to plays will not be just some kind of cultural duty but can become for the audience a thing of excitement, of hope, and of expanding vision.

—STUART VAUGHAN, formerly director of New York's Phoenix Theatre is the artistic director of the Seattle Repertory Theatre.

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The American Musical — 1964

The Saturday Review survey of composers and lyricists, some of the replies to which are presented on the following pages, took almost three years to complete; the majority of its replies were received well before the current theatre season.

While it was not intended as a popularity contest (after all, a pretty melody is like a girl, loved one day, replaced the next), some of the results are interesting. As one might have predicted, the most admired song of all is Jerome Kern's "All the Things You Are," which, however, didn't make a hit of "Very Warm for May," the 1939 musical in which it was first sung. Second most frequently cited is the same composer's "They Didn't Believe Me," and third is George Gershwin's "Someone to Watch Over Me." Tied for fourth are Kurt Weill's "September Song," Cole Porter's "Just One of Those Things," Irving Berlin's "There's No Business Like Show Business," and Leonard Bernstein's "Something's Coming." With characteristic humility, Mr. Bernstein begged off replying to the survey, explaining that he feels out of touch with musical comedy since being called up by the New York Philharmonic.

The most often mentioned composer is Richard Rodgers, fifteen of whose tunes are favorites of his colleagues. And no less than ten of Cole Porter's melodies are cited.

As for lyrics, the late Maxwell Anderson's words to "September Song" came out on top, followed by the late John Latouche's "Lazy Afternoon," Frank Loesser's "Fugue for Tin Horns," and Johnny Mercer's "Blues in the Night." However, the late Lorenz Hart had thirteen of his lyrics mentioned, the late Oscar Hammerstein eight, Cole Porter seven, Yip Harburg five, Alan Lerner five, and Ira Gershwin four.

Averaging it all out, the over-all favorite song is "September Song," and the favorite songwriter (for both words and music) is Cole Porter.

While such indications of taste may be fascinating—and indeed it is interesting how many times a songwriter's own favorite works are not the ones most admired by others—the most significant column of this survey is the last one, which furnishes a rounded picture of how those responsible for our musical comedies see the current situation on Broadway. —H.H.

Name (Birth Date)	Favorite Own Lyric or Music	Favorite Lyrics or Music By Other Writers	How Do the Requirements for Today's Musical Differ from Those at the Time You Began Your Career?
OTTO HARBACH (Aug. 18, 1873) (Deceased)	(L) "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" (*Roberta*)	(L) (M) "Old Man River" (Hammerstein-Kern), "All the Things You Are" (Hammerstein-Kern), "Without a Song" (Rose-Eliscu-Youmans)	At the time of my first play in 1907 and for many years thereafter the musical theatre made no pretense to sincerity or maturity. Musical numbers and dances were simply "thrown in" with no thought of logic. Today I feel a modern musical requires strong motivation and integration of book and score, which I attempted first with *The Cat and the Fiddle.*
IRVING BERLIN (May 11, 1888)	(L) (M) "God Bless America," "White Christmas," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Always," "Easter Parade" (*As Thousands Cheer*), "There's No Business Like Show Business" (*Annie Get Your Gun*)	(L) (M) Any song by Cole Porter. And *My Fair Lady* is the best musical I've ever seen. However, I don't think anyone has written better simple lyrics for popular songs than Will D. Cobb wrote for "Sunbonnet Sue," and "School Days," which he wrote with Gus Edwards.	Certainly the requirements have changed. But who can say how they have changed? There's always an audience for a hit show, even if it's old-fashioned.
COLE PORTER (June 9, 1893)	(L) "Let's Do It" (*Paris*), (M) "In the Still of the Night" (film *Rosalie*)	(L) "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face" (Lerner-Loewe), "They Say That Falling in Love Is Wonderful" (Berlin), "Someone to Watch over Me" (Gershwins), (M) "On the Street Where You Live" (Lerner-Loewe), "Some Enchanted Evening" (Hammerstein-Rodgers), "My Darling" (Loesser)	When I began my career, people had to have voices in musical comedy—today they do not.
HOWARD DIETZ (Sept. 8, 1896)	(L) "By Myself" (*Between the Devil*)	(L) "September Song" (Anderson-Weill), "Summertime" (Heywood-Gershwins), "Bill" (Wodehouse-Kern)	Today's musical shows may seem more coherent from a plot point of view. But they lack the talent of the late 20's and the 30's. The revue has been squeezed off the boards in favor of more sentimental escapism. I miss the comedians of the Follies and the Scandals, and the many intimate revues with comment and satire.
RAYMOND HENDERSON (Dec. 1, 1896)	(M) "Bye Bye Blackbird"	(M) "Old Man River" (Hammerstein-Kern), "All Alone" (Berlin), "I'll Be Seeing You" (Kahal-Fain)	The modus operandi for composition has *not* changed. The requirements for chorus, cast are more demanding. Ballet, better singers, acting, etc.

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Name (Birth Date)	Favorite Own Lyric or Music	Favorite Lyrics or Music By Other Writers	How Do the Requirements for Today's Musical Differ from Those at the Time You Began Your Career?
IRA GERSHWIN (Dec. 6 1896)	(L) "Embraceable You" (*Girl Crazy*), "It Ain't Necessarily So" (*Porgy & Bess*). "The Babbit & the Bromide" (*Funny Face*), "The Saga of Jenny" (*Lady in the Dark*)	(L) "They Didn't Believe Me" (Reynolds-Kern), "Bewitched, Bothered & Bewildered" (Hart-Rodgers), "One for the Road" (Mercer-Arlen), "Bill" (Wodehouse-Kern), "I Might Be Your Once-in-a-While" (Smith-Herbert)	Perhaps more psychological awareness in realistic approach requires more adroitness and general knowledge than were necessary, say, in the Teens and Twenties.
E. Y. HARBURG (April 8, 1898)	(L) "Last Night When We Were Young"	(L) (M) "Old Man River" (Hammerstein-Kern), "September Song" (Anderson-Weill), (M) "Where or When" (Hart-Rodgers), (L) "My Heart Stood Still" (Hart-Rodgers)	There is no excellent song-writing today. It is mostly prose set to underscoring. There are some fair songs —but nothing for the Catalogue of Time.
HOAGY CARMICHAEL (Nov. 22, 1899)	(L) "Rockin' Chair," (M) "One Morning in May," "The Nearness of You," "Stardust"	(M) "Danny Boy" (Weatherly), "Tico Tico" (Drake-Abreu), (L) (M) "Begin the Beguine" (Porter)	More story and lyrical songs that tell the story, as contrasted to revues and musical extravaganzas that prevailed then. The revue type will reappear, though, I think.
ARTHUR SCHWARTZ (Nov. 25, 1900)	(M) "If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You" (*Revenge With Music*)	(M) "All the Things You Are" (Hammerstein-Kern), "Night and Day" (Porter), "Tea for Two" (Caesar-Youmans)	1. They must be *better* 2. The songs must help tell story. 3. It is harder to write freshly today, but it is more than ever demanded.
FREDERICK LOEWE (June 10, 1901)	(M) ("Come to Me, Bend to Me" [*Brigadoon*] is reported to be among Mr. Loewe's favorites.—Ed.)	(M) "Begin the Beguine" (Porter), "Just One of Those Things" (Porter), "Where or When" (Hart-Rodgers)	Today's musical requirements are the same. Namely, the audience wishes to be touched. It makes no difference if this happens comedically or dramatically. The question is to be touched or not to be touched.
RICHARD RODGERS (June 28, 1902)	(M) (I vaguely remember Mr. Rodgers on a TV program mentioning "It Never Entered My Mind," "Spring Is Here," and "It Might as Well Be Spring" as among his favorites.—Ed.)	(M) "Stardust" (Parnish-Carmichael), "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" (Harbach-Kern), "All the Things You Are" (Hammerstein-Rodgers)	The requirements for today's musical commitments differ in that there is a demand for subject matter that is less superficial than it used to be and asks for little more emotionality in the relationship between subject and score.
OGDEN NASH (Aug. 19, 1902)	(L) "Speak Low" (*One Touch of Venus*)	"You're the Top" (Porter), "They Can't Take That Away from Me" (Gershwins), "This Can't Be Love" (Hart-Rodgers)	$200,000 more expensive
VERNON DUKE (Oct. 10, 1903)	(L) "Autumn in New York" (*Thumbs Up*), (M) "Roundabout" (*Two's Company*)	(L) (M) "It Never Entered My Mind" (Hart-Rodgers), "I Get a Kick Out of You" (Porter), "Lazy Afternoon" (LaTouche-Moross)	Ours is an era of the Magicless Musical. The producers hire a) a brilliant orchestrator, b) an imaginative vocal arranger, c) dance music concocters, who do their darnedest to dress up the meager tunes —and, in the final analysis, no one knows the difference: the "composer" alone gets a royalty check every week. The only requirement today is "up-tempo" numbers—a ghastly term!
MARC BLITZSTEIN (March 2, 1905) (Deceased)	(L) (M) "Nickel Under the Foot" (*The Cradle Will Rock*), "Emily"	(M) "Mack the Knife" (Brecht-Weill), "Too Late Now" (Harburg Lane), (L) (M) "Fugue for Tin Horns" (Loesser), "I Wish I Were in Love Again" (Hart-Rodgers), "Blues in the Night" (Mercer-Arlen)	A greater need for a) "serious" quality (which too often gets ponderous or phony); b) literacy (which too often gets pretentious).
HAROLD ARLEN (Feb. 15, 1905)	(M) "Last Night When We Were Young," "One for My Baby"	(L) "Someone to Watch over Me" (Gershwins), "They Didn't Believe Me" (Reynolds-Kern), "It's All Right with Me" (Porter)	If Kern and Gershwin were still around the requirements would still be the same—glorious songs.
JULE STYNE (Dec. 31, 1905)	(L) "Just in Time" (Comden-Green) (*Bells Are Ringing*), (M) "Never Never Land" (*Peter Pan*)	(L) "Mountain Greenery" (Hart-Rodgers), (M) "Somewhere over the Rainbow" (Harburg-Arlen), "The Song Is You" (Hammerstein-Kern)	Today the lyricist must adhere much more to the character who might be singing the particular lyric. The composer also must have a character (musically speaking) going for his music. Much more than just a popular song is required today. There still is no substitute for a hit song in a score.

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Name (Birth Date)	Favorite Own Lyric or Music	Favorite Lyrics or Music By Other Writers	How Do the Requirements for Today's Musical Differ from Those at the Time You Began Your Career?
ALEC WILDER (Feb. 16, 1907)	(L) "I'll Be Around," (M) "The April Age"	(L) "When the Idle Poor Become the Idle Rich" (Harburg-Lane), "Let's Begin" (Harbach-Kern), "I Wish I Were in Love Again" (Hart-Rodgers), (M) "Stormy Weather" (Koehler-Arlen)	They don't need, it seems, any great songs or lyrics. There is too much concentration on immediately comprehensible trash. They are geared for safe tastelessness.
HAROLD ROME (May 27, 1908)	(L) (M) The one I happen to be working on at the moment.	(L) (M) "September Song" (Anderson-Weill), "All the Things You Are" (Hammerstein-Kern), "All Alone" (Berlin)	Writing a score for a musical comedy today requires much more than putting attractive music and lyrics together. Skill in where and how to spot the songs and make them carry character and plot interest is necessary—plus a much more sophisticated musical taste.
ROBERT EMMETT DOLAN (Aug. 3, 1908)	(M) "Horseshoes Are Lucky" (*Texas, Li'l Darlin'*)	(M) "All the Things You Are" (Hammerstein-Kern), "Begin the Beguine" (Porter), "Night and Day" (Porter), "Blues in the Night" (Mercer-Arlen), "Through the Years" (Heyman-Youmans), "My Man's Gone Now" (Gershwins), (L) "Soliloquy" from *Carousel* (Hammerstein-Rodgers), "Blues in the Night" (Mercer-Arlen), "Accentuate the Positive" (Mercer-Arlen), "Adelaide's Lament" (Loesser), "There's No Business Like Show Business" (Berlin), "Where or When" (Hart-Rodgers)	Today's requirements are far more exacting. The trouble is that they are not being met by the composers. The musical comedy ballets now require first-rate musicianship in the show's composer. This is why we see so many musicals where the "dance arrangements" are credited to someone other than the show's songwriter. But if the ballet music has improved through such a device, why should we not go all the way and insist on professional musicianship in the songs? Why are we content with engaging lyrics set to music that nowhere matches the lyrics in quality? Too much of our present musical comedy is being written by people who are primarily lyric writers or "pop" song writers. We need composers who are fully trained musicians.
JOHNNY GREEN (Oct. 10, 1908)	(M) "The Song of Raintree County" (*film*)	(M) "All the Things You Are" (Hammerstein-Kern), "Something's Coming" (Bernstein-Sondheim), "I Have Dreamed" (Hammerstein-Rodgers)	The significant unities and dramatic values have become as important as they are in the nonmusical theatre. Subjects and premises, either light or serious, tragic or comic, must be adult and substantial. Music and lyrics must not occur as quasi-islands or little olios, but must specifically carry forward the dramatic action and/or its intent. No longer can a song or a choreographic segment be considered valid if, should it be dropped, the dramatic values would be complete without it.
ARNOLD SUNDGAARD (Oct. 31, 1909)	(L) "Without You I Worry" (*The Lowland Sea*)	(L) "Fugue for Tin Horns" (Loesser), "Why Can't the English" (Lerner-Loewe), "The Telephone Hour" (Adams-Strouse), "Politics & Poker" (Harnick-Bock)	I suppose there is greater emphasis on telling a story that has some recognizable roots in our present existence. *Fiorello* succeeded for this reason, while *Tenderloin*, by the same authors, failed for the very same reason.
JOHNNY MERCER (Nov. 18, 1909)	(L) "Moon River" (*film*), "Jubilation T. Cornpone" (*Li'l Abner*)	(L) "You're the Top" (Porter), "Always" (Berlin), "Officer Krupke" (Sondheim-Bernstein)	The book has become stronger, but there aren't as many laughs or popular songs. We have more expert, refined musicals which, while handsomer, are a lot less fun than the old ones.
FRANK LOESSER (June 29, 1910)	(L) "Inch Worm," (M) "Roseanna"	(L) "In the Region of James the Second" from *Trial by Jury*, (Gilbert-Sullivan), "Just One of Those Things" (Porter), "Blues in the Night" (Mercer-Arlen), (M) aria in *Gianni Schicchi* (daughter cops a plea with the father) (Hammerstein-Kern), "All the Things You Are" (Hammerstein-Kern), "Chopsticks"	When I started in the theatre (1948), there was already such a broad variety of styles welcomed in the musical theatre (*Showboat, Pins and Needles, Lady in the Dark, Threepenny Opera, Pal Joey*) that I could not visualize any distinct set of rules. I agreed to do a musical version of *Charley's Aunt (Where's Charley?)* because so many of my colleagues thought that such a farce could not be musicalized with any success.
BURTON LANE (Feb. 2, 1912)	(M) "Something Kind of Grandish" (*Finian's Rainbow*)	(M) "All the Things You Are" (Hammerstein-Kern), "Just One of Those Things" (Porter), "My Man's Gone Now" (Gershwins)	They are the same, namely, to entertain, but the approach has changed. Scores are more integrated with the book. And the book must be better. Shows don't depend *only* on the stars who appear in them as they did years ago.
JEROME MOROSS (Aug. 1, 1913)	(M) "Love Me" (*Underworld*)	(M) "September Song" (Anderson-Weill), "Where or When" (Hart-Rodgers), "But Not for Me" (Gershwins)	Today's musical requires more real musical training on the part of the composer and the sort of theatrical knowledge that the nineteenth century opera composers found necessary to make their works viable. Books and lyrics have to be better than they used to, and eventually we will end up with musicals that will be as durable as the best European operettas.

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Name (Birth Date)	Favorite Own Lyric or Music	Favorite Lyrics or Music By Other Writers	How Do the Requirements for Today's Musical Differ from Those at the Time You Began Your Career?
MORTON GOULD (Dec. 10, 1913)	(M) "Bad Timing" (*Billion Dollar Baby*)	(M) "My Heart Stood Still" (Hart-Rodgers) "Someone to Watch over Me" (Gershwins), "If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You" (Dietz-Schwartz)	Not too different. Generally, today's theatre allows for a more sophisticated and complex musical fabric.
WILLIAM ENGVICK (July 1, 1914)	(L) "While We're Young"	(L) "The Siren's Song" (Wodehouse-Kern), "He Loves & She Loves" (Gershwins), "Old Devil Moon" (Harburg-Lane)	There is less trenchant satire, less wonderful nuttiness, and too much sense of always playing it safe. Today's shows are more expert, perhaps, and yet a certain warmth and vulnerability seem to be missing.
ARNOLD HORWITT (July 21, 1918)	(L) "Plain We Live" (*Plain and Fancy*)	"Manhattan" (Hart-Rodgers), "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" (Harbach-Kern), "Pirate Song" (Brecht-Weill)	The book has to be immensely better. Shows are harder to get on. The scores have to integrate with the book and not merely be good songs in a variety of rhythms.
ALAN JAY LERNER (Aug. 31, 1918)	(L) (M) "Gigi" (*film*)	(L) (M) "My Funny Valentine" (Hart-Rodgers), "I Get a Kick Out of You" (Porter), (L) "How Deep Is the Ocean" (Berlin)	I have never known what the requirements are for a musical comedy. Every law is expendable except one: unity of style. Aside from that, there has been a far greater emphasis on the quality and credibility of the book.
ALBERT HAGUE (Oct. 13, 1920)	(M) "It Wonders Me" (*Plain and Fancy*)	(M) "All the Things You Are" (Hammerstein-Kern), (L) (M) "When I'm Not Near the Girl I Love" (Harburg-Lane), "There's No Business Like Show Business" (Berlin)	In my own mind they have not changed.
BOB MERRILL (May 21, 1921)	(L) (M) "Promise Me a Rose" (*Take Me Along*)	"Hello Young Lovers" (Hammerstein-Rodgers), "Tonight" (Sondheim-Bernstein), "House of Flowers" (Arlen, Capote-Arlen)	More and more, the integrated musical, with the composer ignoring the *Hit Parade* and being the servant of the librettist.
RICHARD ADLER (Aug. 3, 1921)	(L) (M) "Another Time, Another Place" (*Kwamina*)	(M) "Dancing on the Ceiling" (Hart-Rodgers), "Blue Room" (Hart-Rodgers), "It Might as Well Be Spring" (Hammerstein-Rodgers), (M) "Dancing on the Ceiling" (Hart-Rodgers), "Imagination" (Burke-Van Heusen), "Liza" (Gershwins)	In the last eight years, prices have gone up for everything in the theatre at least 50 per cent. I think this means that we will be in for less musicals. One will have to choose his subject more carefully and perhaps more "commercially."
SHELDON HARNICK (April 30, 1924)	(L) "Summer Is" (*The Body Beautiful*), "My Gentle Young Johnny" (*Tenderloin*)	(L) (M) "Look to the Rainbow" (Harburg-Lane), "Surrey with the Fringe on Top" (Hammerstein-Rodgers), "Somethin's Comin" (Sondheim-Bernstein)	I feel that audiences (and critics) nowadays accept a certain pretentiousness, a kind of hollow complexity in scores under the impression that we are approaching something akin to opera. I suppose fundamentally this is good because it will lead to more experimentation, but sometimes it depresses me when I hear meandering, bombastic, or inept writing accepted as an important contribution to musical comedy growth.
CAROLYN LEIGH (Aug. 21, 1926)	(L) "It Amazes Me"	(L) (M) "All the Things You Are" (Hammerstein-Kern), "The Last Time I Saw Paris" (Hammerstein-Kern), "I've Got You Under My Skin" (Porter)	In general I find the number of "answers" you think you know is inversely proportionate to the number of shows you do.
TOM JONES (Feb. 17, 1928)	(L) "Variation on a Very Ancient Theme" (*New York Scrapbook, TV Revue*)	(L) "Wouldn't It Be Loverly" (Lerner-Loewe), "Fugue for Tin Horns" (Loesser), "Lazy Afternoon" (Latouche-Moross)	There is, I hope, a growing trend away from the literal, illusionistic musical with a lot of naturalistic scenery and in which there is a premium on novelty toward a more ritualistic, non-naturalistic convention (*i.e.*, a commenting chorus with no explanation of why they are present).
JERRY BOCK (Nov. 23, 1928)	(M) "Fly Little Heart" (*Catch a Star*), "Too Close For Comfort" (*Mr. Wonderful*), "When Did I Fall in Love?" (*Fiorello*)	(L) "The Shape of Things" (Harnick), "Wouldn't It Be Loverly" (Lerner-Loewe), (M) "Some-Enchanted Evening" (Hammerstein-Rodgers), "Something Sort of Grandish" (Harburg-Lane), "Someone to Watch over Me" (Gershwins)	I think the remarkable American musical of the past fifteen years has grown fat, static, and inflexible with its own success, and I sense a revolt. I hope I'm part of it. Sheldon and I are not self-conscious experimentalists, but we do look forward to making progress in our own work, and if that hunger is shared by our contemporaries, maybe this year, or next year, or surely the year after will be the dawn of—who cares? So long as it's the dawn of something.

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Name (Birth Date)	Favorite Own Lyric or Music	Favorite Lyrics or Music By Other Writers	How Do the Requirements for Today's Musical Differ from Those at the Time You Began Your Career?
HARVEY SCHMIDT (Sept. 12, 1929)	(M) "Soon It's Gonna Rain" (*The Fantasticks*)	(M) "Glad to Be Unhappy" (Hart-Rodgers) "The Jewel Song" (Wilbur-Bernstein) "Last Night When We Were Young" (Harburg-Arlen)	I feel they are about the same.
JUNE CARROLL (June 22, *ca.* 1930)	(L) "Love Is a Simple Thing" (*New Faces of 1952*)	(M) "To Keep My Love Alive" (Hart-Rodgers), "It Never Entered My Mind" (Hart-Rodgers), "Adelaide's Lament" (Loesser)	Today you must write plot—integrated lyrics that have a definite progression. Years ago if you had a good song you could stick it in between two dialogue scenes and no one noticed that it had something to do with the show.
STEPHEN SONDHEIM (Mar. 22, 1930)	(L) "Some People" (*Gypsy*)	(L) "I Love You, Porgy" (Hayward-Gershwin), "Buds Won't Bud" (Harburg-Arlen), "Get Out of Town" (Porter), (M) "Birth of the Blues" (DeSylva, Brown, Henderson), "The Song Is You" (Hammerstein-Kern), "Spring Is Here" (Hart-Rodgers)	The audiences are becoming more sophisticated and less enthusiastic. The "integrated" story-musical has become a tired formula and new approaches are needed (*e.g. Irma La Douce* and *The Fantasticks*) to reawaken the jaded audiences' interest. Also, fewer adaptations and more originals.
LIONEL BART (Aug. 1, 1930)	(L) (M) Happy about all my songs	"The Nightmare Song" from *Iolanthe* (Gilbert & Sullivan), "Where Is the Life of Late I Led" (Porter), "Soliloquy" from *Carousel* (Hammerstein-Rodgers)	Today's public is less easily gulled by trite sophistication and fey quaintness. The main requirement, therefore, is dramatic truth in lyric and music.
MARY RODGERS (Jan. 11, 1931)	(M) "Sensitivity" (*Once Upon a Mattress*)	(M) "April Snow" (Dorothy Fields Romberg), "Somethings's Coming" (Sondheim-Bernstein), "Quiet Night" (Hart-Rodgers)	Since my career only began in 1959, the requirements don't differ appreciably.
JERRY HERMAN (July 10, 1932)	(L) (M) "Shalom" (*Milk and Honey*)	"How Can I Wait" (Lerner & Loewe), "Some People" (Sondheim-Styne), and almost anything by Frank Loesser.	The composer-lyricist of today must be a playwright in every sense of the word. The hit-parade tunesmiths of the Twenties would be lost in today's musical theatre.

Hewes

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ment-subsidized German and Swedish city theatres was something called *Patty*, which on closer investigation turned out to be *The Moon is Blue*.

7. The University Theatre

ANY discussion of the University theatre would have to divide the university theatres into those that produce plays with undergraduate casts to please the university community and those that try to train their students for professional theatre careers. But, since virtually all try to do both, the task becomes impossible. In a community where the former is uppermost, the university theatre can make costumes and scenery for a fraction of what it would cost in a professional theatre and also do plays that require large casts. But the difficulty remains that students must attend classes and that a sizeable percentage of the performers are necessarily far from ideally cast. Furthermore, there is (if you are lucky) a wide disparity in talent between the leading actor and those who play supporting roles. The Goodman Theatre in Chicago and the Stephens College Theatre in Columbia, Missouri, are two that have found a means of surmounting this problem by mixing paid professionals with students.

Some of the problems cited by university theatre heads include:

► Shortage of competent teachers.

► Lack of sufficient salaries with which to hold the best teachers.

► Lack of bold leadership.

► Inability of universities to find jobs for their best graduates.

► Absence of clear-cut policies that are accepted and adhered to.

► Academic regulations that treat the vocational student the same as the liberal arts scholar.

► Inferior standards.

► The complacency that goes with the security of the tenure system.

► Cautiousness in cooperating with the professional theatre, which could serve as an experimental laboratory.

► The university administrator's view of dramatic arts as a fringe department, and theatre as a social luxury.

Those schools that are primarily vocational must constantly fight against being bothered by the loss of prestige on campus plus the loss of budget appropriation that comes with doing what is best for *each* student and thereby ending up with less worthwhile productions.

For me, a university theatre becomes most exciting when an adventurous department head like Paul Baker or Theodore Hoffman encourages his students not simply to learn the conventional disciplines of the theatre by rote, but rather to test their own dramatic imaginations and use their knowledge of all the arts on stage. Then those with sufficient professional ambitions will discover where they need to acquire new tools and new disciplines, and hopefully, find teachers to help them do so.

• • •

The *SR* survey reveals that a great many people in important theatrical positions recognize the need for a total revision of every branch of the American theatre. Experts know most of the measures that could be taken to bring about such a reorganization. But no one can tell us how to overcome public apathy and the private reluctance of theatre people to change their course as long as they can make a living the old way. Maybe they have forgotten that the theatre, whether it's *Charley's Aunt* or *Hamlet*, is supposed to be a place in which talented people can freely exercise their imagination.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Group on Second Meeting

IN MY review of *The Group* (*SR*, Aug. 31) I spoke of Mary McCarthy as "the highbrow's highbrow," but within a few weeks the phrase had ceased to be applicable, for the highbrows almost unanimously disapproved of the novel. It was full of banalities, they said, full of trivial details, empty of any sort of subtlety or profundity. The climax came with a high-pitched attack in the *New York Review of Books* by Norman Mailer, who recited at length the sins of "our Mary."

But now we have a highbrow defense of *The Group*—an article by Ruth Mathewson, Vassar '41, in the fall issue of the *Columbia University Forum*. Mrs. Mathewson calls her essay "The Vassar Joke," and she opens it with some examples of the genre. The Vassar joke, she goes on, is a variant of the learning joke, which "depends not merely on the assumption that the female is inherently ludicrous and the Woman Question side-splitting, but on our troubled awareness of the incongruous relation of learning, *any* learning, to life; our sense of the anomalies of being educated." Miss McCarthy, then, is telling a joke, and, according to Mrs. Mathewson, it's a pity that so many people have failed to catch on to it.

Mrs. Mathewson writes: "I do not believe that Miss McCarthy is Minerva, nor has she become my mentor in matters of taste, mental health, or political judgment. But I suspected, through reading her critical writings and a long interview she granted *The Paris Review* in 1961, that she knew what she was doing when she wrote this novel." If one operates on that assumption, as Mrs. Mathewson insists, some of the objections of the highbrow reviewers can be dealt with. For instance, Mrs. Mathewson quotes from an essay by Miss McCarthy: "It sometimes happens that the reader is quite unaware of what the author is doing and complains that the style is full of clichés when that is precisely the point." It is indeed the point in *The Group*. Mrs. Mathewson does not deal quite so conclusively with the use of décor and drapery," but she does show that at least some of the time Miss McCarthy's amassing of details serves a purpose.

These, however, are minor issues; Mrs. Mathewson wants to defend the basic conception of the novel, and she does this by way of Miss McCarthy's theory of comedy, as defined in one of her essays: "the comic element is the incorrigible element in every human being; capacity to learn, from experience or instruction, is what is forbidden to all comic creations and to what is comic in you and me." With a little support from Bergson for this theory, Mrs. Mathewson moves on to ask what members of the group show themselves capable of learning and what members do not. By what seems to me a tenuous argument she seeks to prove that Kay Peterson does learn, which is why she has to die; whereas the others don't learn, and Norine Schmittlapp is an incorrigible nonlearner. (I thought Norine was funny, as, according to Miss McCarthy's theory, I should have; Mrs. Mathewson finds her disgusting.)

In her enthusiasm for her cause Mrs. Mathewson sometimes goes further than I should suppose Miss McCarthy would want her to go. For example, she writes: "She had planned to take her characters up to the Eisenhower inauguration, but must have realized that such an *étude des moeurs* after Hiroshima would be an insipid exercise in obviousness." I should have supposed that anyone as percipient as Miss McCarthy would have realized this before 1961, when she stated her design in the *Paris Review* interview. I also wonder why Mrs. Mathewson ignores Miss McCarthy's assertion, in the same interview, that *The Group* is "a novel about the idea of progress, really."

Yet I think Mrs. Mathewson is right in two important conclusions: 1) that the novel is not the unfortunate accident the highbrow critics have believed it to be, but is the result of a crafty and

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craftsmanly intention; 2) that it is essentially a comic novel, a joke.

But on whom is the joke?

Well, for one thing, the joke is on me. I wrote: "I have described Miss McCarthy as a social historian, and it is perhaps as social history that the novel will chiefly be remembered; but over and above its sensitive observations it has a quality that one has not come to expect from this particular author, and that is compassion." I'm afraid, re-examining the novel in the light of Mrs. Mathewson's analysis, that I was dead wrong. What I mistook for compassion is really a kind of deadpan objectivity. I was relieved because Miss McCarthy didn't ostentatiously ridicule her Vassar girls; I did not realize that she regarded them as too obviously ridiculous to be worthy of satirical treatment.

It is also, if Mrs. Mathewson is as near right as I now think she is, a joke on thousands and thousands of readers. Of course, the buyers and readers were impressed by Miss McCarthy's prestige; but, so far as I can gather, they have not been bored and disappointed, as were many of the persons who were persuaded by Katherine Anne Porter's prestige to buy *Ship of Fools*. On the contrary, they have taken the book perfectly seriously as a novel of manners, and have believed that they were learning from it how people really behave. For some of them it is what Norman Mailer derisively called it: "the best novel the editors of the women's magazines ever conceived in their *secret* ambitions."

AND this makes one wonder whether in the end the joke isn't on Mary McCarthy. A certain number of novels have become best-sellers for the wrong reasons, have succeeded because they have been misunderstood. In the case of *The Group* the misunderstanding seems perfectly natural. After all, this is a realistic novel, carefully documented, about the way some eight or nine privileged girls lived in the Thirties. Miss McCarthy does not explicitly pass judgment on their way of life, and Mrs. Mathewson would say that was because she did not need to, because any sensitive, perceptive person would make the proper judgment for himself. However, not every sensitive, perceptive person sees eye to eye with Miss McCarthy. I was cheered by the book just because the author did not insist on her own intellectual, esthetic, and moral superiority, as it seemed to me she had done in almost everything else she has written. Now I am convinced that she simply takes her superiority for granted. And the cream of the jest lies in the fact that she has left thousands of persons with a comfortable feeling that they are just as good as she is. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

International Trouble-Shooter

***Diplomat Among Warriors,** by Robert Murphy (Doubleday. 470 pp. $6.95), comprises the memoirs of one of America's most able public servants. Samuel Flagg Bemis, a general historian and biographer of American foreign policy, is Sterling Professor Emeritus of Diplomatic History and Inter-American Relations at Yale.*

By SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS

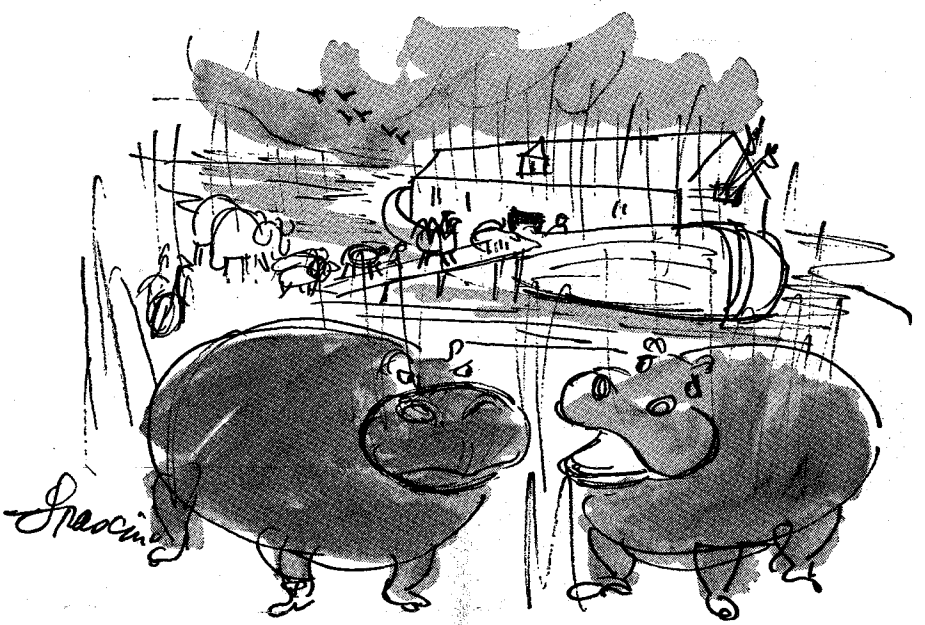
IN THE long corridor on the fifth floor of the Department of State building there ought to be room for a gallery of our top diplomats, as there is for Secretaries of State: in such a gallery Robert Murphy's portrait might now, like Abou Ben Adhem, lead all the rest; he loved and served his fellow countrymen.

Diplomatic trouble-shooter *par excellence* during and between the two World Wars, the Korean War, and the Mediterranean complexities, Robert Murphy dealt with vexatious and sometimes impossible problems of our foreign relations from Casablanca to Tokyo and Panmunjom, not to mention the Congo. It would seem that Yalta was about the only big diplomatic set-to that he (luckily) missed. He was truly a diplomat among warriors. Amidst all these adventurous duties, he served not only as a foreign service officer, but often as personal representative of Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower. He had to be a funambulist as well as a negotiator.

During this long service Robert Murphy rose from a humble clerkship in the Department of State to various ambassadorships and finally to Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs, number three position in the hierarchy of the Department, the highest post a career diplomat can aspire to, according to Murphy.

It is not a rash statement to say that during Mr. Murphy's long and extraordinary career he accumulated an experience in the dimension and details of his profession never surpassed by any other individual in the history of our foreign service. Although this account is based on his daily reports to the Department of State, or to the President, so numerous are facts and impressions that one suspects Mr. Murphy must also have kept a diary: if so, it is a precious historical source. And of course there must be a lot of still-secret history that he cannot reveal.

Mr. Murphy writes with clarity and modesty, and with insight sharpened by vast experience; his book is as entertaining as it is instructive. In a review of this scope one can only touch on some of the highlights, historical revelations, and mature opinions of this remarkable



"I give you my word of honor—as soon as we're on board I'll have the captain marry us."

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man as told in these remarkable memoirs.

We could wish there were more of his personal history, which is subordinated to political perspectives.

In a few simple pages of Chapter I, which worthily remind one of the early parts of Benjamin Franklin's autobiography, he tells of his family background, his childhood days, and his youthful beginnings. His paternal grandfather left Ireland about 1850 "to get enough to eat." Robert himself was born in Milwaukee, where his grandfather and father had made precarious livings at any job to hand, sometimes as petty saloonkeepers. Robert, a practicing Roman Catholic all his life, graduated from a Jesuit parochial school in 1909. Then, missing a scholarship, he turned to the task of supporting himself. In the summer of 1915, while he was working for a contracting company, an elevator cable snapped and left him with a triple fracture of one foot and ankle. This accident later kept him from military service—in uniform, that is.

The elder Senator Robert La Follette inspired him to study law and go into government. After qualifying at a business college as a stenographer-typist, Murphy got a clerkship at $1,000 a year in the Post Office Department in Washington where he studied law after hours at the George Washington University. He unexpectedly got a start in the foreign service as code clerk in the American Legation at Berne. From then on his rise was rapid, thanks to the troubled conditions of the world.

In all his service as a diplomat among warriors—it is a wonder he never got himself killed, by snipers' bullets or by accident during innumerable missions by air—Murphy never made policy; he faithfully executed it. Now he tells what he thinks of it all. His most difficult problem was bridging the chasm that often existed between the Department of State and the White House, for frequently Presidents would use him without even consulting the Department of State. This situation was most notable, as indeed it has become historically notorious, in the period of FDR.

Looking back on these Presidents, Murphy is not uncritical. He admires them all, but he had no use for Roosevelt's "Grand Design" of regulating the postwar world in concert with Soviet Russia. He reveals that Secretary of State Cordell Hull, usually regarded as skeptical of Soviet Russia, was actually an almost emotional supporter of the Grand Design, and "virtual co-creator" of the idea. He shows how Soviet diplomacy outplayed the Western heads of state at nearly every decisive turn during the Second World War, and during the Cold War that followed.

He is sympathetic with President Truman's sudden projection into an area of responsibility concerning which, as Vice President, he had not been informed. He admires Truman's courage in dealing with the most difficult international problems, such as the Korean War, and thinks that, if it had not been for the folly of American disarmament after 1945, and for the very great pressure of American public opinion for peace, Truman would have been willing to carry the Korean War to victory instead of to a stalemate that was more defeat than victory.

HE has a wholesome opinion of Eisenhower as a general, and as a President; but he thinks that leader made some big mistakes both in war and in peace: his imposition of press censorship in North Africa, his order to General Patton not to enter Prague, his decision not to capture Berlin (but was that not General Marshall's responsibility?). "Least comprehensible" of all of Eisenhower's decisions was the President's *mea culpa* at Paris when the last U-2 flight over Russia was shot down: "Khrushchev must have been incredulous when informed of Eisenhower's acceptance of blame for the U-2 flight," just as years before Stalin could hardly have believed it when, in 1945, at Russian request, American troops withdrew without protest from their advanced occupation of Thuringia and Saxony. What infuriated the Russians about the U-2 flights was their inability to down the planes for such a long period of time.

Murphy says he was and still is "less than enthusiastic" about the United Nations, and he is not sanguine about arguments for disarmament. He thinks the Berlin airlift was a "deceptive victory." He apparently is skeptical about the Alliance for Progress, and regards Cuba, of course, as a still unredeemed diplomatic disaster. He laments the increasing handicaps imposed on the State Department in dealing with "outside" influences of globe-trotting members of Congress, self-appointed spokesmen of American foreign policy conferring with foreign heads of state (is the Logan Act of 1799 dead?), the varying pressures of public opinion and, above all, the frequent disarticulation between the State Department and the White House: once he served as liaison officer between the White House and the Department of State, which already had a Secretary of State of Cabinet rank who was second in Presidential succession. But the veteran diplomat is careful to note that after all it is the President who has control and responsibility for foreign affairs and national defense. He preferred to retire at the age of sixty-five, so that he had nothing to do with and has little to say about the Administration of President Kennedy.

Mr. Murphy has high praise for the trained professional foreign service today, as compared with the period before the First World War, when he himself began without any preliminary training at all. "The seed planted by our first diplomat, Benjamin Franklin, is growing into the finest diplomatic instrument in the world. In linguistics, in technical knowledge, in contacts with peoples and problems in different parts of the world, in quality of reporting and negotiating, and in promotion of the national interest, our foreign service now rates with the best." The reviewer should add that Robert Murphy acquired all these proficiencies in high degree through self-education. His career rates with the best of any professional diplomat in our history, entwined as it was with the most difficult problems and dangers this country has experienced.

"He's been like this ever since he saw *Tom Jones*!"

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The Motive to Greatness

James Forrestal, *by Arnold A. Rogow (Macmillan. 397 pp. $6.95), probes the pressures behind the suicide of the highest U.S. official to die by his own hand. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is an editorial writer for the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

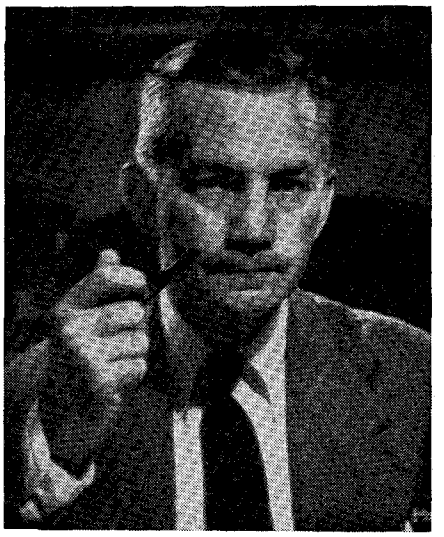
JAMES FORRESTAL's suicidal leap from the sixteenth floor of Bethesda Naval Hospital on May 22, 1949, violently closed a great American bureaucratic career. The chorus from Sophocles's *Ajax* he had just copied touched the affair with a tortured benediction; but the suicide brought no Aristotelian catharsis. Forrestal was, after all, the highest American official ever to die by his own hand; and he died after a rapid and well-concealed decline from what seemed the height of prestige and fortune.

Why? What were the ingredients of despair? Was a dedicated and sensitive public servant hounded to his death, as some claimed, by press vilification? By Communist or Zionist agents, as he himself seems to have imagined? By "battle fatigue," as the first diagnosis said?

Not precisely any of these, maintains Professor Arnold Rogow of Stanford in this interesting biography. Forrestal's suicide, he suggests, is a natural for the amateur psychologist of politics. In it culminated a psychological conditioning that began when the son of an Irish-American household on the Hudson rebelled against a devout and formidable mother who wished him to be a priest, and set out by way of Princeton to rise among "the people who count"—the old-stock and Protestant world of Wall Street and Washington, D.C.

Finance, not politics, was Forrestal's initial calling. But fate and World War II made him a military administrator just when the military establishment, as General Eisenhower was later to say, had become a "complex" ramifying into every aspect of national life—a machine to tax the power of a czar and the sanity of a Menninger.

Forrestal came to the management of this machine after a brilliant career with Dillon, Read, the investment bankers, bringing to government more than the



—*Philippe Halsman.*

James Forrestal—"What were the ingredients of despair?"

average businessman's dedication to efficiency. He proved tougher at it than most of the breed. Rogow shows us, for instance, how Forrestal, as Navy Undersecretary, bucked the Navy Department bureaucracy to speed the clearance of amortization certificates for industries tooling to build ships, and thus cracked a production bottleneck at its strategic point. His eye for such bottlenecks approached administrative genius; it was instrumental in setting afloat the armada that beat Japan.

After the war, his reputation established, he shielded this Navy against those who would wager all the chips on air power, and the armed forces themselves against the demobilization fever he thought so tragically premature. Having presided at the birth of the National Security Act of 1947, he was in the process of defining its scope, as our First Defense Secretary, when his breakdown occurred. Professor Rogow navigates this whirlpool of bureaucratic and military infighting with skill. It is far from easy to make sense, always, of the wrangling of jealous warlords, and the author is to be congratulated for doing so.

BUT Mr. Rogow insists upon detailing this scene for some 300 pages in order to peer at it through the lens of psychology: he styles his book a "psychiatric biography"—though happily the biographical meat sandwiched between Freudian slices is little mangled.

Two notorious episodes in the Forrestal career, it is insisted, must sway us to "psychiatric" conclusions. One is Forrestal's early (some thought too early) enlistment in the Cold War when the embers of world war still glowed. The other is his stand against U. S. support of Zionism. "The Cold War," we are told, "no matter how inevitable, provided him with an arena for the play of transference and projection."

Of course, the value of these psychological judgments will depend on one's own view of them as a tool of political enlightenment. If Forrestal's early anti-Communism indeed partook of "transference and projection" (the Secretary secretly doubted his masculinity, Mr. Rogow suggests), this is less than obvious on the evidence here offered. Forrestal was neither crusader nor zealot, nor was he an early example of that breed of professional cold warriors with whom we are today overstocked. Forrestal, so the Alsop brothers once put it, was "whipped onwards by the fierce whip of an intense patriotism . . . a burden of foresight . . . that gave him no rest by night or day." But he subscribed to none of the devil theories. If he thought General Marshall or Secretary of State Byrnes (or others) badly tutored in the nature of Stalinism, if he raged over Henry Wallace and wanted his passport suspended, never did he suggest, as did the paranoid Right, their complicity. Forrestal's fears of Communist designs were quite simply justified and, in retrospect, as prophetic as his battle against the creation of Israel was shortsighted.

SHOULD this biographical style prevail, we will soon be presented, no doubt, with "psychiatric" biographical studies of Winston Churchill, whose prewar obsession with Hitler and wartime obsession with Europe's "soft underbelly"—in political terms so sensible—lend themselves handily to explanation in terms of infantile traumata.

The truth is that Professor Rogow has appliquéd these easy psychological speculations to a basically sound and self-contained fabric of political biography. And, as with all such enterprises, the fault lies not in explaining too little about the subject but in explaining too much. This biography of Forrestal exhibits too well that "crude unilateralism" against which Stuart Hughes has warned the practitioners of "psychoanalytic biography."

Professor Rogow admittedly raises an important question about mental illness in high office. As he says, we are, certainly, complacently caught up in the myth that Very Important Persons never have breakdowns. But the student of practical politics will wonder, all the

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same, how an added public sensitivity to psychosis in high places would help. In Professor Rogow's utopia, in which politicians must conform to selected indices of mental health, would democracy really be safer, let alone so flexible? Our liberties of speech and press are safety valves, offering the public forum for the testing of any idea, be it driven by "transference and projection" or not; and "adjustment" is as relative in politics as in any other activity. Edmund Wilson's conclusion on artists may be applicable here: "Superior strength [may be] inseparable from disability . . . ; genius and disease . . . may be inextricably bound up together."

Forrestal minus his compulsions might have been a happier man, but he might never have given the country a great wartime Navy. They also serve who flunk—or stand to flunk—their ink blot tests. The real test is whether that service is for good or ill.

The Last Say on the Company Way

***My Years with General Motors,** by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. (Doubleday. 472 pp. $7.95), describes the managerial architecture that constructed a towering corporation. Courtney C. Brown is dean of the Graduate School of Business at Columbia University.*

By COURTNEY C. BROWN

THE MODERN corporation has evolved into the major method of organizing human effort and activity; it provides a comprehensive case for the study of the organization of power and authority, together with their dispersion in a pluralistic society. It is time for us to know more of this dominant and fascinating contemporary institution, an institution of man that in years to come may do more to mold the nature of human existence than either the institutions of politics or religion.

The chief architect of perhaps the most famous of contemporary corporations has given us a good start. It must have required an uncommon effort for Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., in his early eighties, to have reconstructed the history of initial promotion, acquisition, contraction, expansion, personality clashes, and conflicting engineering opinion that combined to create an organization that now has some $15 billion of annual sales. Fortunately, many of the position papers he prepared along the way were preserved, and one gets the feeling of intimate authenticity when reading *My Years with General Motors.* The author's collaboration with John McDonald and Catharine Stevens has no doubt contributed significantly to the organization and style of a very readable book.

Mr. Sloan began to demonstrate his creative talents early. After spending twenty years in building a $5,000 investment in the Hyatt Roller Bearing Company into a significant and successful enterprise, he sold the property in 1916 to W. C. Durant, the initial organizer of General Motors. His talents went along with the transfer, which identifies it as the best investment ever made by Mr. Durant. Initially assigned responsibility for the United Motors Corporation, a parts and accessories subsidiary of General Motors, Mr. Sloan was soon involved closely with the top management of the parent company.

In late 1919 and early 1920 he wrote his now company-famous *Organization Study.* This set the pattern for centralized and coordinated policy-making and decentralized administration, a principle that has since characterized the management structure of General Motors and most other large corporations as well. "It distinguished policy from administration of policy, and specified the location of each in the structure. . . . A group can make policy, but only individuals can administer policy."

Behind this principle of decentralization of administrative authority, however, Mr. Sloan feels there must be an ultimate power. "Decentralization or not, an industrial corporation is not the mildest form of organization in society. I never minimized the administrative power of the chief executive office in principle when I occupied that position. I simply exercised that power with discretion; I got better results by selling my ideas than by telling people what to do." Indeed the exercise was so discreet that it became "doctrine in General Motors that, while policy may originate anywhere, it must be appraised and approved by committees before being administered by individuals."

These are principles that may have significance for all forms of social organizations whether concerned with business, politics, religion, or even education. They provide the individual in the organization with an optimum opportunity for self-expression, and they help to assure a reasonable degree of responsiveness to change within the organization itself. "From decentralization we get initiative, responsibility, development of personnel, decisions close to the facts, flexibility—in short, all the qualities necessary for an organization to adapt to new conditions."

A brief review cannot do justice to Mr. Sloan's accounts of foreign activities, dealer relationships, financing, the development of businesses tangential to automobiles, incentive compensation, and, particularly, the competitive struggle in the early days with the famous Model T Ford. It took a man of his creative imagination to realize "that companies compete in broad policies as well as in specific products," and it seems to have been those policies even more than product or price adjustments that won the battle with the Model T.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

VOWEL DEARTH

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents the framework of a dozen words, each containing from six to eight letters, only one of which is a vowel. You are asked to supply the missing consonants according to the accompanying definitions. Answers on page 57.

1. ___A____	rub gratingly	8. __O____	on time
2. __U____	chew noisily	9. __E____	miserable person
3. ____E__	mucus	10. ____O____	blur
4. __I_____	plant disease	11. ____O__	saunter
5. ____O__	tossed	12. ____E_____	power
6. ____I___	leap		
7. _E_____	measure		

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Time on Our Hands

Abundance for What? And Other Essays, *by David Riesman (Doubleday. 610 pp. $6.50), asks to what human end our burgeoning affluence leads us. Stuart Chase's next book, "Money to Grow on," will be published by Harper in April.*

By STUART CHASE

THE UNITY of these somewhat scattered essays, says the author, "arises from the assumption, put forth earlier in *The Lonely Crowd,* that the U.S. is rapidly, if unevenly, becoming an affluent society, and the primary problem for the future will be what to do with the surplus of time and resources on our hands." I doubt if that question has yet loomed large to the 60 per cent of Americans who have made the grade to statistical affluence, but it is on the horizon. First, however, Americans—and indeed all the world—must eliminate the threat of nuclear war, cope with the population explosion, and see to the advancement of underdeveloped countries—problems that will keep us reasonably busy for the next few years.

Thumbing the pages of this book, the reader will find thoughtful essays on the Cold War and the economics of spending for defense; on consumers, the future of suburbia, the uses and abuses of leisure, the motor car complex—where market research "demonstrates the American driver's desire to be treated as a passenger on a moving sofa." Here are essays on the outlook for college students today, on careers for women, on the timeliness of Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class* and the limits of conspicuous consumption; on technical methods in the social sciences, especially opinion research.

David Riesman—"a restless and exploratory mind."

Mr. Riesman has a restless and exploratory mind. He will tackle any subject. He seems to have read everything and examined the theories of everybody. Just as the reader begins to wonder if a particular line of thought is about to be lost in outer space, Mr. Riesman quotes a recent research report, and arrests himself in mid-flight. It is interesting to remember that, like material abundance, this is something new in the world. No essayist, at least up to the time of Franz Boas, Emile Durkheim, and William James, had access to any competent studies in the social sciences against which to check his more ebullient theories. Cultural anthropology may turn out to be the most devastating theory-smasher known to man.

Despite the diversity of this king-sized collection, there is no avoiding the question posed in the title. It is important not only for America, but for all high-energy societies where production has been solved but a way to make life meaningful in a welter of gadgets, neon signs, and carbon monoxide has not. I tried a rough, preliminary answer many years ago in my book *The Economy of Abundance.* John Kenneth Galbraith brought the matter brilliantly up to date in *The Affluent Society.* There is a massive, measurable shift under way from blue-collar manual work to white-collar services, from man-hours to computer-seconds, from saving to spending as the dynamo of the economy—a shift that turns the theories of Ricardo upside down.

Increasing numbers of us have entered the area of affluence, where the tasks of consumption are more important to us than the tasks of production. As hours of labor decline, hours of non-labor stare us in the face. What are we to do with them? Or, more importantly, what are they going to do to us? "No society," says Mr. Riesman, "has ever been in this position before, or anywhere near it."

I used to think that material abundance would release human energy for great advances in the arts, the pursuit of knowledge, and the general welfare. Now I am not so sure; only a minority seems to employ it that way. Evolution, I take it, designed *homo sapiens* for a working animal. He had to scratch for a living with hand and brain. And now he aspires to become a passenger on a moving sofa!

It is none too soon to probe seriously into the effects of material abundance, and we have David Riesman to thank for a searching clinical performance. Social scientists together with biologists should pick up the challenge.

Artillery Hill
Panama, 1944

By Lysander Kemp

IN the jungle light, in the underwater day,
Spectacular zigzag birds in the sea-green air,
All swimming near in a school and streaming away,
And all those trees that wavered everywhere
Like seaweed fathoms under: that was our change,
We bided there without emotion, talking
The liquid tongue of the drowned, not rich but strange,
Without meaning; in the green darkness walking
Our posts without volition, the sea-currents
Moving our coral limbs; and staring from wide
Pearls without delight, without abhorrence,
Peering daily at green from side to side
And dully into ourselves from time to time.
Our punishment was inertia. That was the crime.

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On Checking References

The Myth of the Britannica, *by Harvey Einbinder (Grove. 390 pp. $7.50), claims that the most comprehensive of encyclopedias needs more radical overhauling than is supplied by "continuous revision." David M. Glixon reports regularly on reference works.*

By DAVID M. GLIXON

A PHYSICIST gathering material for a television series consulted the Encyclopedia Britannica, and was dismayed to find that its essay on Galileo repeated the Leaning Tower legend as if it were fact. He then discovered "obvious flaws" in other articles dealing with physics. The immediate result was a series of reports that appeared in 1960-61, followed by a debate in print between Harvey Einbinder, the physicist, and Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, chairman of the EB's editorial board. The second result was the present volume, which is chiefly a more extensive critique of the EB's policies and articles.

The author brings to his task a keen sense of betrayal, a modicum of appreciation, an engaging style, and a respectable knowledge of many fields beyond his own profession—qualities that make the book good reading. But if the Britannica is a myth, it does not quite dissolve at Dr. Einbinder's command.

For one thing, there's the time lag. Except in the last few chapters, his criticism is directed against the 1958 edition of the EB; most of his specific remarks fall flat when applied to the latest edition. Whether the improvements in the EB owe something to Dr. Einbinder's articles of a few years back, or are due to the changes that naturally take place under the EB's policy of "continuous revision," we do not presume to determine.

Dr. Einbinder deplores the old-fashioned or "British" flavor of article titles, such as *Motor Car, Gramophone,* and *Draughts,* which he says should appear as *Automobile, Phonograph,* and *Checkers*; they do, in the current EB. He points to the omission of entries on Aaron Copland, Marianne Moore, W. H. Auden, Wallace Stevens, Charles de Gaulle; this lack has since been remedied. He counts only sixteen lines in the Bartók entry; it now occupies one and one-third columns. He complains that the Mozart biography discusses only his vocal music; the present article covers the instrumental as well. He criticizes the Donne entry for its outmoded low opinion of the poet; the new article reflects modern tastes. He writes that Courbet and Corot are honored for the wrong aspects of their work; that is untrue of the present entries.

Dr. Einbinder charges the EB with prudery in some areas, yet it no longer clings to decorum in its biographies of Robert Burns and Pope Alexander VI, nor suppresses the sexuality of Aristophanes's plays, nor (as the author concedes) omits discussion of sexual aberrations. Misleading articles on Nietzsche, Boswell, and other important figures have been replaced with excellent modern studies.

Although toward the end of the book he praises many of the changes that took place between the 1958 and 1963 editions, and hails as welcome improvements many new articles, the author ignores more improvements than he acknowledges. And with good reason, since, even as they stand, the last chapters nearly destroy the validity of all that has preceded. The important subjects that remain untouched by editorial changes could have been stated and documented in a few dozen pages.

It is true that articles on personalities vary in emphasis, some concentrating on personal details to the neglect of the subject's important contributions to culture or knowledge, while others go to the opposite extreme. Instances are the pieces on Freud and Shakespeare; the former remains sketchy, and the EB still fails to provide summaries of the latter's works. It continues to play down or ignore the social and moral implications of events like the Sacco-Vanzetti case and the bombing of Hiroshima.

It is notorious that many contributions to the EB "take the fundamental principles . . . for granted . . . and supply esoteric details in academic jargon" comprehensible only to other experts, who would be the last to consult the EB on their respective fields. Some of Dr. Einbinder's examples in the area of mathematics are formidable. Others, while plausible, turn out on investigation to have been poorly chosen: The contributor of the new article on the Book of Exodus cannot be accused of writing "pedantic jargon." In the five-page essay on *Mystery,* the abstruse material is relatively sparse. And in the ten-page article on Homer the technical paragraphs appear in a section that would be read only by serious students of Greek grammar and prosody; most of the essay would be understood and enjoyed by any interested layman.

Yet Dr. Einbinder scores several points, of which one of the most significant is that an encyclopedia can be fairly up-to-date on events and yet drag its feet when it comes to revising old theories and attitudes. In support, the EB's diligent critic lists 666 articles in the 1963 edition, all occupying at least a half-page, that have been reprinted without change for over fifty years; and in the current material he cites numerous faults—actual errors as well as peculiar allotments of wordage—that could be judged symptomatic of poor over-all editorial control.

Equally devastating is Dr. Einbinder's attack on the EB's sales and advertising methods, in particular its obviously false claim to being a suitable reference work for young children.

It is unfortunate that the EB takes so long to follow Dr. Einbinder's excellent advice and become the flawless instrument for which he asks. Since "continuous revision" operates too slowly to produce sufficient effect in a year or even in a decade, the most comprehensive of encyclopedias clearly needs a more radical overhauling than any it has yet received. Meanwhile, *The Myth of the Britannica* serves, for all its overreaching, to indicate that the EB's manifold virtues are not unalloyed.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1072

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1072 will be found in the next issue.

NOW BLISK THIG FXNGACK

HK BOFA HK NOW DNSLCK.

KHBOCX DOGXCW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1071

Silence is the only phenomenon today that is useless. It cannot be exploited.

—PICCARD.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Scratch. 2. Crunch. 3. Phlegm. 4. Blight. 5. Thrown. 6. Spring. 7. Length. 8. Prompt. 9. Wretch. 10. Splotch. 11. Stroll. 12. Strength.

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A Strange Form of Love

***The Martyred,** by Richard E. Kim (Braziller. 316 pp. $4.50), a novel of the Korean War, raises timeless questions of guilt and spiritual suffering. William S. Lynch was formerly on the faculty of Cooper Union.*

By WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THIS book is dedicated "to the memory of Albert Camus, whose insight into 'a strange form of love' overcame for me the nihilism of the trenches and bunkers of Korea." It is prefaced by the same lines from Hölderlin's *The Death of Empedocles* that Camus quoted in *The Rebel.* Thus does Richard Kim acknowledge his philosophical master, whose attitudes and enigmas color the story he has told.

It is told remarkably well; poignant, reflective, it is a kind of mystery, not in the whodunit sense but in the religious. The narrator is a young Korean intelligence officer, Captain Lee, at the opening of the story stationed at Pyongyang. He is assigned the task of investigating the martyrdom of twelve Christian ministers, victims of the Communists. The task is important for reasons of political and military propaganda, although, as his investigations unfold, interest centers on the question as to why and how two of the fourteen ministers originally captured had escaped death.

We never learn for certain exactly what has happened. How great was the betrayal; to what degree did the murdered men behave like martyrs? These and similar questions remain, not unanswered, but with many answers from which to choose. We are left to speculate, to share, as it were, with the narrator the search for the solution.

The result is a haunting story that leaves us wondering in the best sense of the word. How great was the guilt of Mr. Shin? Was he truly a Judas? For that matter, is a Judas never to be forgiven? Can there be a Golgotha without him? Deep spiritual pain is caught here, the kind of tragedy that depraves and exalts at the same time.

Its effects are enhanced by the nature of those characters from whose point of view the reader observes the scene—Colonel Chang, Chief of Army Political Intelligence, a man of action rather than of ideas; Captain Park, whose father, one of the martyrs and a man of fanatical faith, had disowned him; Chaplain Koh, struggling to stay with his people but unable to do so. Through the eyes of these men and others we see what is going on from different angles, from different levels of understanding and background. Through them we learn that most men cannot endure suffering without hope and the promise of justice. That many may live unenslaved by despair, a few must bear cruel and even holy burdens, must have that "strange form of love."

Mr. Kim's novel catches this basic characteristic of the human condition, this absurdity, as Camus might have called it. His story is moving and convincing, even ennobling.

Richard E. Kim—". . . tragedy that depraves and exalts."

The Author: Richard Kim, in just thirty-four years, has lived through the kind of mind-wrenching and soul-scarring experiences that would have made weaker men psychotic. Born in North Korea, he was in Japanese-dominated Manchuria until age seven. "My family was always moving," he reminisced recently, "Because my father—who had been jailed for his anti-Japanese revolutionary activities—was a kind of political exile."

Kim attended a kindergarten run by Christian missionaries and later a Japanese grade school, where he was not allowed to speak Korean and was "humiliated by the Japanese teachers." During his third week in college the Korean War started. He immediately joined the South Korean forces, serving as officer in both the ROK and U.S. armies until the truce was signed.

Thanks to Charlotte D. Meinecke of New York University, Kim managed to come to the States to complete his college studies at Middlebury. Later he held a University Fellowship at Johns Hopkins, a Writers' Workshop Fellowship at the University of Iowa, a Ford Foundation Foreign Area Fellowship at Harvard, and a Mary Roberts Rinehart grant-in-aid for writing. Among his credentials are three M.A. degrees.

As a youngster he was infused with the blazingly intense Christianity of his grandfather, a Presbyterian minister (who was summarily shot by the Communists the day after the war started), and of his father (who was "converted" while in solitary confinement).

The Martyred was written out of Kim's own sense of commitment. "Originally," he explained, "I had wanted to write about my grandfather's fate. I don't think I was as outraged by his execution as I was frustrated. I tried to get inside his mind at the last moment of his life in the midst of destruction and murders. So I began to write—and then the novel took its own shape and course. I seemed to have tried to define myself in it."

But, to Kim, this is an especially complex undertaking. "I have never really developed an immutable national identity from a political, social, and cultural point of view. I happen to think that national and racial consciousness creates injustice and exploitation of men by men. There is too much petty self-righteousness in the world. And," he added with a smile, "now that I am living in the U.S., am married to an American of German and Danish extraction, and have two children, I'd probably be an exile in my own country if I returned to Korea."

Did Kim, now in the English Department of Long Beach State College, maintain an interest in Far Eastern politics? He did indeed. "In fact," he said, "if I had been in Korea at the time of the coup when General Park came into power, I wouldn't have hesitated to join him." His next novel will be about "a group of highly idealistic young army officers suddenly and violently thrust into positions of absolute power." Something of Kim's attitude toward the present regime in Korea is revealed by the book's working title: *The Innocent.* —MARY KERSEY HARVEY.

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A Rage for Right

***The Fanatic,** by Meyer Levin (Simon & Schuster. 478 pp. $5.95), portrays a playwright's obsessive fight for justice against overwhelming odds. SR columnist Haskel Frankel has worked in and written for the theatre and television.*

By HASKEL FRANKEL

THOUGH Meyer Levin has twelve books to his credit, he is most remembered for *Compulsion*, his fictionalized retelling of the Leopold-Loeb case. Quite likely next year will find him still remembered as the author of *Compulsion* despite the fact that *The Fanatic* is much the richer reading experience of the two books. I do not say it is the better book. *Compulsion* is, in that it set out to tell a corking good story that would keep the reader wanting to know what happens next, told its story, and ended. If the reader had the background to be able to substitute real names for those of Judd Steiner, Artie Straus, and others who figured in the crime and the trial, it brought an added fillip to the reading, but it wasn't necessary. *Compulsion* stood firmly on its own as a fictional crime story.

The Fanatic is not so neat a package. Since Meyer Levin is an excellent storyteller, there is a strong central plot line. However, the novel does not end there. "It is essential to me," the author states in a foreword to the novel, "that the reader approach the story to seek ideas, meanings, beliefs. . . ." It is a request that need not be made. Mr. Levin is not a writer of subtleties.

His latest novel is concerned with a slim volume entitled *Good and Evil*, written by Leo Kahn, a young man destroyed in a Nazi death camp. The fanatic of the title is Maury Finklestein, an American rabbi turned playwright, who wants to bring Leo Kahn's work to the stage. When the book that no one was anxious to publish turns into a world-wide best-seller, commercial and political forces move in against the unknown playwright to disassociate him from Kahn's writing and to make the play serve private purposes. Maury's obsessive fight for justice against overwhelming odds damages every part of his life—his health, his marriage, even the second play he has written. (Note: Should anyone miss the Biblical parable implied in the too-altruistic rabbi's struggle against the unrelentingly destructive forces lined up against him, Maury's second play is entitled *Job*.)

Meyer Levin: "It is essential that the reader seek ideas, meanings . . ."

It will be a dense reader indeed who does not find a parallel in *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Mr. Levin's foreword, with its overemphasis that *The Fanatic* is fiction (with a springboard from fact), only reinforces the idea. Anyone who cares for literary sleuthing need only search the theatrical columns for the years 1955 through 1957 to discover reports of battles between Mr. Levin and the producers of the plays *The Diary of Anne Frank* and *Compulsion*. Cast and production credits on both plays make it easy for those who choose to do so to substitute names in the text of *The Fanatic*. Indeed, in the case of certain characters, it is difficult not to do.

Mr. Levin's novel, like most things large and powerful in this world, must pay for its size with a loss of pace. Often, the downhill plunge of Maury Finklestein comes to a jarring halt while the author sends questions to the heavens, lets fly a poisoned arrow from his private quiver, or leaps across half the world to examine an event that will be needed later on in his story. Whereas in *Compulsion* he created a sympathetic character with whom one could identify and follow comfortably throughout the nightmare story, the reader of *The Fanatic* finds no such guide to warm up to. Leo Kahn is a voice from beyond the grave; he is a *dybbuk*—the spirit of a dead man who has entered a living body—and there can be no identification with him. (Note: Should anyone have missed this fusion of European Jewish folklore to modern story telling, Mr. Levin has Leo brand himself a *dybbuk* on the last page.) And the closer Maury's fanaticism takes him to madness, the more alien he becomes so that the reader pulls back and watches rather than identifies with him. Despite the fact that his cause is just, he grates on the mind like the buzz of a housefly which cannot be caught, or like one note on a piano struck over and over again.

These are flaws to be noted, but they are as unimportant as scratches on a treasure chest. *The Fanatic* is a big book in every sense of the word. If it is a little too big for its own good, such a complaint is so rare these days that it must be regarded as a compliment.

Computer God and True Believers:

If Billy Brown, narrator-protagonist of Warren Miller's *Looking for the General* (McGraw-Hill, $4.95), is mad (which explains the parenthetical "ho, ho's" and other seemingly pointless stylistic elaborations) it is our world that has made him so.

As a physicist working on a top-secret Air Force project he must live within three moral frameworks at once. The first is the one that all men inhabit, based on the assumption that the world is a good place that makes sense, and that human life *must* have some meaning. The second is the one in which the modern physicist lives, in which everything is relative, and the universe is a pointless joke. The third is the military one, where we all are pawns on a board devoted to the game of bigger and better wars.

Although Brown does his work like a good organization man, he is inwardly rebellious. He refuses to worship the new computer-god, whose goal is to destroy our world. He prefers to put his faith in the imminent arrival of the Aliens, a race of godlike extraterrestrial beings who will rescue The Faithful from the grubbiness of Earthly life.

To help us understand his hunger for something to believe in, Brown cites this analogy:

> Why was it . . . the Indians ran with such eagerness . . . to welcome the Spanish savages and call them gods? What . . . urgency was in them, seeing the ships, . . . to run knee-deep into the shallows . . . to call those. . . peasants gods and them-

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selves slaves? . . . Surely it was that . . . they mistook those men—swineherds! failed second sons!—for gods and ancestors, for that ideal, idyllic race that fled this earth when Atlantis was destroyed.

It is only after Brown's commanding officer is converted to the Faith and goes off in search of the Aliens that the book gains narrative thrust. Billy follows his chief across the country, from one mystical screwball to the next. All the important types of True Believers, who preach their private gospels in the back pages of third-rate science-fiction magazines and on all-night radio shows, are included. Miller proves that he knows them well by letting them talk and act like everybody else—except when it comes to their obsessions. But well before this Miller has made his moral point, so the novel becomes a sort of Oz book for grown-ups.

Its finale is disappointing. Although one never expected the space people to show up, something a little grander than Miller's *dénouement* was in order. This is always a problem with Oz books. A reader not equipped with properly tinted glasses at times wonders if the journey to the Emerald City was worth the trouble.

Dramatically, *Looking for the General* is flawed, but thematically it is perfect. It is a profound but funny fable about the dilemma of a rationally trained but spiritually sensitive man.

—W. S. Tracy.

Goose-Stepping for Nato: Since *The Revolt of Gunner Ash* and *Officer Factory*, Hans Hellmut Kirst has been the unofficial chronicler of the German army and its absurdities. His world remains the same in *The Night of the Generals* (Harper & Row, $4.95), but his grip on it is firmer. The forbidding façade of Prussian soldiering has never been hit by such missiles before, and German officers must have a difficult time holding on to their reputation as long as Kirst is allowed to lie in ambush in the bookstalls. The grand tradition of the Wehrmacht dies a mock-heroic death in the pages of this exceedingly funny novel.

Translated by J. Maxwell Brownjohn, *The Night of the Generals* is a fast-moving suspense story that begins in wartime Poland, shifts to German-occupied Paris, and ends in contemporary Berlin. The dead bodies of three prostitutes mark a slimy trail that engages the police of several countries and that leads into the upper echelons of the German army. The villain is General Tanz of the élite Nibelungen division, a monster in shining armor, who conducts himself like a latter-day god of war. Like most of Kirst's officers, Tanz exudes a masculinity of mythical proportions and hides his morbid soul under a collection of medals. He is by far the most memorable character in Kirst's staff of generals.

On another level this uproarious comedy is also an exposé of the attitudes of the German military caste and its fast adjustment to postwar realities. Hitler's minions now serve Ulbricht or NATO with the same efficiency and devotion with which they fought the wars of the Third Reich. Kirst combines fact and fiction in a spell-binding narrative and often achieves the immediacy of a newspaper story with a Berlin dateline. But *The Night of the Generals* is, first of all, a superbly written thriller.

—Joseph P. Bauke.

The Dot Under a ?: Bobby Hirshman, the hero of S. J. Wilson's *Hurray for Me* (Crown, $4.50), is a bright five-year-old, but he cannot understand the sudden disruption of his world: Why has his mother temporarily abandoned him? Why must his friend Johnny move into an orphanage? Why do people die? He tells us: "My world was the dot under a question mark." Bobby searches everywhere for answers—in school, synagogue, and even candy store—but the ones he discovers are too "enlightened" to change him. He must find his own truth. Miraculously he does as he watches the funeral of Johnny's mother (and all mothers?): life continues "out of Eden."

Of course, we have met Bobby (and his mother) in many other American-Jewish works—*Call It Sleep*, by Henry Roth, and *Genesis*, by Delmore Schwartz, to name only two. His rite of passage, although occasionally funny and tender, does not surprise us very much. It remains stereotyped.

There is a related problem. Mr. Wilson must make us believe in childhood. This requires great craft. He has to suspend himself; he has to be adult and childish, all-knowing and innocent. But he cannot "let go." He views childhood as he thinks it should be; consequently, he does not capture its terrifying moments (as does Henry Roth). Usually he is content to give us bouncy dialogue, poetic set-pieces, and Old World charm.

This is not to deny that Mr. Wilson has talent; too often he manipulates Bobby (and us) for the sake of this very talent. When he forgets that he is writing a first novel, he purifies and refashions the clichés. Then Bobby breathes; he is no longer theoretical.

—Irving Malin.

A Godly Goal: In a short but absorbing novel Pär Lagerkvist, Nobel Prize-winner and Swedish Academy member, ends the tetralogy that began with *Barabbas* and continued with *The Sibyl* and *The Death of Ahasuerus*. Awash in mysticism and allegory, *Pilgrim at Sea* (Random House, $3.95) advances the story of Tobias and his search for God to its inevitable conclusion. Although Tobias bravely and confidently sets out for the Holy Land, he does not get there. The pirate ship on which he travels flounders on its uncertain course in the same manner that Tobias, hoping for the unseen goal, ultimately doubts that he will ever reach it.

The novel comprises a story within a story—a not always fortunate format, especially when the secondary narrative occupies as much space as it does in this case. The push of dramatic events, however, makes the device effective and plausible.

Here Giovanni, a crew member who befriends Tobias, tells about his lost love, how his priesthood was shattered, and how he, unfrocked and banished from his home town, joined the pirates on their lawless expeditions. With a hand less firm and artistic than Mr. Lagerkvist's, this episode might have become tasteless or even ludicrous since it involves an elaborate case of mistaken identity. But in his deceptively simple language it becomes a convincing story, with brilliant color and remarkable force.

It has been suggested that *Pilgrim at Sea*, which is translated from the Swedish by Naomi Walford, marks Lagerkvist's farewell to the Christian faith. I cannot feel that, principally because the author, although a confirmed skeptic, is at heart a deeply religious person. Moreover, this tale ends on a note of trust, perhaps an unreasoning trust, but one of confident submission, a mood seldom found in his earlier writings. Tobias himself sums it up in these words:

> That perfect love exists and the Holy Land exists; it is just that we cannot reach it. That perhaps we are only on our way there—only pilgrims at sea.

—Holger Lundbergh.

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Looking Backward and Forward

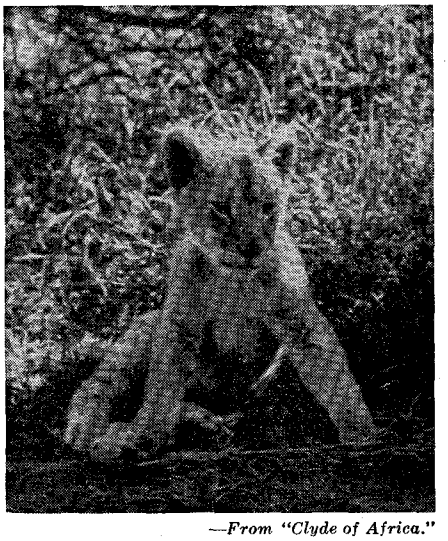
By ALICE DALGLIESH

IN THE year that just ended, almost everyone had a try at saying what was wrong with children's books—this reviewer included. It has been a time of real transition and extraordinary proliferation: there are now eighty or more publishers who produce children's books. This is a huge and varied nation, and it can absorb an amazingly large number of books for children. Perhaps we'd better begin to look for what is right with these books.

Some parents want "the good old books." These are still in print, but even in bookstores one has to order them; supermarket stock they are not. Some want "the good old *moral* tales," with the result that publishers produce innumerable little books with morals tacked on, instead of morality being inherent in the stories as it should be. Last year—when parents were knocking themselves out playing games with children who wished to stay awake—there were seemingly endless tales of raccoons, rabbits, and other fauna that decided night was a fine time for sleeping. Books extolled the sounds and beauty of the night. All of these morals were, of course, quite obvious to the stay-awake child; is he sleeping any more easily now?

At a time when publishers of textbooks are asking themselves some searching questions, trade books rush busily in to fill the gap. Some of these have become remarkably dull in the process or too firmly welded into a series, and there is much duplication. Ruth Viguers, editor of *The Horn Book*, remarked in a recent article (*Harpers*, Dec. 1963) that children might be better off with a good encyclopedia than with some of the duller factual books. True; but, unfortunately, families don't (and shouldn't) buy a new encyclopedia every year, so that is why trade books try so hard to keep abreast of current events.

As for the science books—they are excellent, good, fair, indifferent; and there are too many of them. In the New York *Times* (Jan. 25) there is a report headed "Modern Teaching in Science Scored." Dr. Alexander Calandra of Washington University in St. Louis is quoted as saying at a symposium on elementary science teaching that there is an attempt to teach too much science in elementary schools and a failure to teach basic science. Teachers, he said, "tried to describe the origin of the universe when they had no knowledge of the physical laws of a falling stone." The trouble with that theory is that space-age children don't want to progress in tiny little steps; they want to stride like giants, and they *must* find out about the universe—that place they live in. Some young books explain the laws of gravity quite neatly, and the children learn from television.



—*From "Clyde of Africa."*

Information from speechless animals.

On the other hand, Dr. Robert Karplus of the University of California, Berkeley, "stressed the importance of beginning science teaching at the elementary level." He said that during these formative years the individual developed the basis for his view of the natural world. Most of us would agree with him.

Science and history are two fields where early concepts should be correct and should not have to be unlearned until new ones are formulated, new discoveries made. (We have revised our ideas of the effect of weightlessness on man several times within a short period.) Talking animal stories are not science but a form of play for children; there is quite a difference between a humorous or fanciful tale in which animals talk and one in which talking animals—or inanimate objects—are used to give scientific explanations. I thought that we had progressed in children's stories to the point where this was clear. It isn't. A few days ago I picked up a publisher's catalogue so completely packed with anthropomorphic, pseudo-scientific little stories that I found it hard to believe that the date on it was 1964. A child learns more from a photographic picture book such as *Clyde of Africa*, by Michel Mason, with photographs by Ken Hyman (Macmillan, $2.95), than from all the little tricked-up books together.

George and the Cherry Tree, by Aliki (Dial), tells the old George-Washington-and-the-cherry-tree story without any indication, except on the expendable jacket, that it is considered folklore or legend. Thirty-two pages of highly colored, semi-cartoon pictures—priced at $3.75. For those who think the cherry tree story indispensable in moral training (some do), here it is.

PERHAPS we had better ignore the foolish books altogether: let them be transitional and impermanent. History and legend are two of our richest fields; we have many good books in them and should give every attention to the excellent ones.

The most constructive recent article about children's books was "Words Make the Book" written by Rumer Godden for the January-February *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is a good article for beginning writers, for parents, for almost anyone to read, because she says clearly and forcefully and in her own way the many things that have been said over and over but hidden in professional magazines not seen by the general public. Best of all, she says, loudly and clearly, that, "contrary to what most people think, writing for children is a difficult and disciplined art; not many authors succeed in it."

When Cave Men Painted. *Written and illustrated by Norman Bate. Scribners.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. There have been several books dealing with prehistoric paintings, especially those in the caves of Lascaux, but these have been for teen-agers. Now Norman Bate gives us a dramatic, fictionalized story, illustrated with two-color stone lithographs, that may introduce the paintings to younger children. In reconstructing "what happened" one has to choose from among many theories, and this he has done. Whether the cave artists used a primitive scaffold, as Mr. Bate has shown, or the ground sank after the paintings were made, differs from book to book.

Be that as it may, this is a pictorial presentation that offers more excitement and interest to young readers than most, reproducing the cave paintings as faithfully as can be done in two colors. Children will undoubtedly make "cave paintings" of their own. Ages 6-9.

Edie Changes Her Mind. *By Johanna Johnston. Pictures by Paul Galdone. Putnam.* 48 *pp.* $2.75. As I mentioned in the first

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column, 1963 was a year for celebrating the delights of going to bed at the time parents wish children to. Writers, and parents, seemed to try everything. It remains, in 1964, for Edie's parents to do something that no book-parent has done before—remove their child's bed from her room, piece by piece, and indicate that she may stay up if she wants to! Edie does, and finds the night—and the next day—most uncomfortable. Children may think it amusing because of the artist's pictures, but most of them would be inventive enough to put pillows on the living room floor, or at least use the couch that must have been there. Ages 6-9 (5-7?).

The Little Tumbler. *Written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Morrow.* 128 *pp.* $2.75. No one will forget that Eleanor Lattimore wrote the beguiling *Little Pear,* which has been loved by children since 1931. Her card plate shows thirty-seven books, divided between Chinese and American stories. *The Little Tumbler* comes close to having the charm of her first book, though the subject matter is more exotic: Ba is a small boy lost from a traveling show. In spite of the fact that China is now quite a different country, small boys share many of the same characteristics regardless of time and place. The book has story value, as well as some suspense. Ages 7-10.

The Rise and Fall of the Dinosaurs. *Written and illustrated by Anthony Ravielli. Parents' Magazine Press.* 40 *pp.* $2.75. Here one of our top science artists is not at his best, mainly because he is using large areas of flat color with line, and because the colors change rather abruptly on alternate pages from greenish-yellow to heavy dark green. But children are devoted to dinosaurs, and, if read aloud, this picture book fills a need from first grade up.

Mr. Ravielli makes quite a mystery of the disappearance of the giant reptiles; his picture of the final fight between two of the big meat-eaters is dramatic. He says, "It may well be that the age of dinosaurs ended with a deafening roar as the last of these tyrants killed and consumed [?] each other." It would take Eugene Field's *The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat* to do that, wouldn't it? Ages 7-11.

Our Presidents. *By Richard Armour. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Norton.* 78 *pp.* $3.50. The publisher suggests this for "children or adults." It might appeal to rather feeble-minded adults, because it portrays mainly—pictorially and in verse—the foibles of our various Presidents. It lets down a little on recent Presidents (though not on Hoover) and John F. Kennedy is therefore treated fairly kindly, but the whole book, pictures and all, does not seem in the best of taste. The pictures are mostly cartoon clichés—TR with his big stick, FDR with his uptilted cigarette, and so on.

Mountain Rescues. *By Helen Orlob. Illustrated with photographs. Nelson.* 176 *pp.* $3.50. Books on mountain climbing are popular as armchair adventure. Whether rescues will be as popular remains to be seen, for they show all too clearly that the "brave mountaineers" often rely on others to risk their lives for them. If a mountain *looks* easy it seems to call to the novice climber to take chances. Such a one is Mount Si, near Seattle—so much so that the Seattle Mountain Rescue Council has a safety education program which has reduced the need for as many rescues as formerly. There are chapters on helicopter rescues and on Mt. McKinley. Boys should find it interesting. Ages 12 up.

—From "Mountain Rescues."

A call to take chances.

The Buildings of Ancient Egypt. *Written and illustrated by Helen and Richard Leacroft. Scott.* 40 *pp.* $3.50. Recent books on Egypt have concentrated mainly on the art or the people. This one (apparently an enlarged Penguin book) emphasizes architecture and is excellent in its presentation of the building of the pyramids, as well as Egyptian houses. Clever as the Egyptians were, they seem to have been particularly foolish in not having taken measures to thwart the robbers who plundered so many of their graves. Formal, and explicit in detail, the pictures are both in color and in black-and-white.

Father of Prehistory: The Abbé Henri Breuil, His Life and Times. *By Alan Houghton Broderick. Morrow.* 306 *pp.* $5. To anyone interested in prehistory this is a fascinating book—a biography of the man who may quite rightly be called the father of prehistory. He was not the first, but he gave his whole life to it. The author of the book was encouraged to learn about prehistoric art from Abbé Breuil himself, and has visited the caves in France and Spain. He shows us the Abbé making his last visit, at seventy-seven, to the Trois-Frères Cavern, the passages of which were difficult to negotiate. "Then he moved slowly away, leaning heavily on his cane," knowing he would not return. Ages 14 up.

Portraits of Nobel Laureates in Medicine and Psychology. *By Sarah R. Riedman and Elton T. Gustafson. Abelard-Schuman.* 344 *pp.* $4.95. As a general book, not perhaps for those particularly oriented to science, this gives an over-all picture that is very worthwhile. Beginning with a brief biography of Alfred Nobel, "the pacifist dynamite king," the authors tell how the prize was set up after his death. The story takes us back in years to 1901, when Emil von Behring won the first prize "for his work on serum therapy, especially its application against diphtheria." One marches with the discoveries through the years—scarcely realizing that at one time they were news. Some of the chapter heads seem unnecessarily fancy—for instance, "Green Mold in the Breeze." The Nobel Prize was given simply "for the discovery of penicillin and its therapeutic effort for the cure of different infectious maladies." Otherwise the book succeeds in being dramatic without writing down or overwriting. It is a great event, this Nobel Prize; I was editing a book on biology by an associate of Dr. Severo Ochoa in 1959 when the news came that he and Dr. Arthur Kornberg had won the prize "for their discoveries of the mechanisms in the biological synthesis of ribonucleic and deoxyribonucleic acids." Dr. Ochoa and his assistants celebrated with champagne in paper cups in the laboratory. Ages 12 up.

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New York State Theater

Continued from page 31

York State Theater's presentation policy that top prices will be in the $5-$6 category—which, by current Broadway quotations, come within the flexible perimeter of "popular." Playing the kind of repertory it does, and possessing the road appeal that may be anticipated, the Music Theater can be a self-liquidating enterprise, with income over expenses allotted to underwriting further repertory. The ballet is not so economically self-sufficient and will require subsidy even with a high percentage of ticket sales (such support is inherent in the arrangement with Lincoln Center).

Examining these prospects, the well-rounded theater man is likely to say: "Good stage. Fine orchestra pit. Lovely auditorium. What else?" The "what else" in the case of the New York State Theater is a foyer of eye-popping proportions, a vast public hall reaching from the plaza level of the building to the roof. It has access from each of the rings and is so arranged that there will be room for circulation on four sides, on each level. It will provide promenade, smoking, and "refreshment" space during intermissions unequaled by anything else in New York (more space, for example, than in the Grand Foyer of the Paris Opera). It is intended also for use as a banquet hall accommodating 650 or so for formal functions of New York State during the World's Fair and can also serve the city for gatherings now held in hotel ballrooms.

It is also a space that has to be heated in winter and cooled in summer, cleaned, maintained, and serviced the year around. All this is expensive, and the expenses must be included in the overhead charged against ballet, Music Theater, or outside lessee. Thus, along with the hopes and promises afforded by the stage and auditorium and working space, there are some fears and speculations about the total economy of the project: who pays for what. How one will affect the other, only the future can determine—which is, after all, as much as can be said of anything born of man, animate or inanimate.

—Irving Kolodin.

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STUDENT SEEKS summer employment. Experienced lifeguard. Good with children. Box F-636.

PERSONALS

WOMAN—background in publishing, public relations, theatre; secretarial skills, seeks interesting summer employment abroad. Box F-714.

EXPERIENCED TEACHER, Masters, desires summer job governess in home or welcomes travel. Box F-703.

FRANCAISE, 23, year's residence USA, seeks employment. Bilingual, types, tutoring experience. Box F-697.

SECRETARY, PART-TIME, English/French/Italian steno translations. Very experienced dictation your office, typing translations at home. Hourly, flat fee. NYC. Box F-710.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY STUDENT seeks interesting summer employment, preferably afloat. Experienced sailing. Box F-704.

VASSAR GRADUATE, teacher, desires summer travel, governess/tutor. Box F-692.

TEACHER, MALE, 28, M.A., six years Navy, seeks interesting non-classroom summer employment. Ebmeyer, 1142 Madison Avenue, New York 28, N.Y.

GIRL ART STUDENT desires summer work in related field on Maine Coast. Box F-684.

TEACHER, FEMALE, 22, desires foreign travel as governess, summer '64. Phyllis Schliesser, McGregor, Minnesota.

MAINE–MASSACHUSETTS R.N. in secondary boarding school seeks summer camp post in Maine. Responsible, reactive, experienced. Write Box F-675.

SPEECH WRITER, travel associate, young man, M.A. Yale, desires challenging position. Box F-716.

MALE SECRETARY visiting Europe. Extensive travel. Linguist. Desires execute commissions. Box F-685.

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SUMMER TRAVEL—Mature leaders for student groups. Knowledge Western Europe, languages, experience with teenagers. Available New York interviews, orientation. Box F-608.

WANTED: Lady to help care for four young children. Professor Ruekberg, Newburg, Pennsylvania.

MATHEMATICS TEACHERS needed to develop expanded program in science and engineering. Priority given to good teaching; excellent students and fine environment. Apply to President, Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute, Indiana.

HELP LEAD GROUP IN USSR and Scandinavia. Lively men and women, 24-40. Couples or single. Must speak Russian. Help guide small student group this summer. Teachers preferred. Send resume. Box F-682.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

LOVELADIES HARBOR, Long Beach Island, N.J. Ideal community of summer and year-round lagoon-front homes; adjacent to community music and art center. Private ocean and bay beaches. Close to New York and Philadelphia. Moderate prices. Write Loveladies Harbor, Harvey Cedars, N.J. Telephone: Area Code 609-494-5400.

CONNECTICUT: Rebuilt sawmill, 12 miles east of New Haven, near coast. Particulars on request. Box F-450.

HOUSE ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Easy walk from Edgartown. One story, year round house. 5 bedrooms + 4 acres, woods. Separate rentable heated house with 2 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen. Box 457, Edgartown, Massachusetts.

BUCKS COUNTY, NEAR NEW HOPE. 4 bedroom, 2 bath, house in charming setting on canal. Asking $35,000. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

(Continued on page 66)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 65)

ON LITTLE MOUNTAINTOP, 12 acres, 3 bedroom, 2 bath, ultramodern masonry (block) house. $27,500.

ON ACCESSIBLE MOUNTAINTOP, 4 bedroom, 3 bath, radiant heat, brick house. Panoramic view, 2 acres. $45,000.

FINE BRICK HOUSE, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, servants' quarters, year round, central air-conditioning. Beautiful grounds and view. 20 acres. $57,500.

SUMMER PLACE near mountains. 17 acres, bordered by small river. 8 rooms, furnished house, bath, fireplaces. $11,000.

IN HUNT COUNTRY. Beautiful brick mansion, setting, view, small river. 215 superb acres. $125,000. Taxes $251. Browning Real Estate Agency, Culpeper, Virginia.

ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y. Perfectly charming 1900 Colonial. 10+ large rooms, fireplaces, mint condition. 50 minutes George Washington Bridge. $47,500. Freda Buchanan, Realtor. 914-EL 8-1025.

MAINE. SEACOAST FARM, 128 acres. 8 room house, 1½ baths, heating unit, oil burner, barn. Move right in. Price $10,000. 60% loan 10 years.

SEACOAST FARM, 50 acres. 6 room modern house, secluded, saltwater frontage. Price $15,000.

OLD-TIME COLONIAL HOME, 25 acres. 8 rooms, fireplaces, electricity, water, good hunting, fishing, borders river, on highway. Price $8,500. Herbert P. Whyte, East Sullivan, Maine.

TWO-LEVEL FRENCH PROVINCIAL, lovely Point Loma, overlooking harbor, lights of Greater San Diego. Ideal climate. 7 rooms, double garage. $40,000. Marlys Berens, 4010 Alicia Drive, San Diego 7, California.

For Rent—Furnished

MOUNTAINTOP 3 bedroom concrete house. 10 acres, superb views. Cool. All conveniences. 19 miles southeast San Juan, Puerto Rico. Decorator furnished. March-December, $105 month. Box F-713.

ISLAND COTTAGE for eight, Naples, Florida. Waterway to Gulf. Photos. Box F-702.

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SMALL, WELL-EQUIPPED professional's home on Lake Winnipesaukee. $1,500. June 14th through Labor Day. Box F-678.

ARTISTS-WRITERS — Mountain paradise. Londonderry, Vermont. Secluded, convenient. Good road. Charming, well-equipped 3 bedroom house. Sleeping porch, bath, extra lavatory. Plentiful water. Swimming pond. $850 plus utilities. May-October. References. Box F-711.

OSTERVILLE, CAPE COD. 6 room furnished house. $1,000 season. Box F-676.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

VACATION TRAD-A-HOME. Accommodations available between responsible people. Write Box 3323, San Bernardino, California.

WILL TRADE beautiful seven acres with comfortable home near Phillips campus in Andover, Massachusetts, for property with similar attributes near good schools and Hartford, Connecticut. Write Box F-686.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

ATTENTION: ARTISTS, Writers, Pensioners. Low rent, near Chesapeake Bay. Season, yearly. Margaret Luike, Betterton, Maryland. Phone 348-5453.

APARTMENT WANTED

EXURBANITE BUSINESSWOMAN yearns to return to Manhattan. Small, livable apartment East Side between 50th and 80th Streets would be nice. Box F-671.

ROOM AVAILABLE

IN THERAPY? Opportunity to live in town house near village NYC. Congenial surroundings for creative, intelligent, responsible people. Nonprofit. Write Box F-493.

ROOM WANTED

SR STAFF MEMBER, female, desires room and bath with family. Manhattan. Box F-664.

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FOR SALE: Unusual plantation-type farm in Ohio River valley. 340 acres including rare combination woodland, pasture, stream, plus ⅝ mile river frontage as setting for 12 room brick mansion built 1869. Working farm and dairy on river, railroad, main highway, offering gracious living or potential site for major industrial development; only 30 miles upriver from Huntington, West Virginia, on West Virginia side. Price: $80,000. Please write Box F-180.

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PICTURESQUE BARN THEATRE, three hours from New York. Owners moving. Box 16A, Malden Bridge, New York.

350 ACRE VERMONT farm. Splendid view—end of road privacy. Ideal vacation or retirement locale. Price $12,000. Mario Corti, Walden, Vermont.

CAMPS

D-ARROW CANOE TRIPS. 36 boys, 10-16. Three age groups. On Grand Lake, Maine. Seven weeks. Lake, white water trips: Maine, Canada. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, New York.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities. Gifted boys-girls, 14-18. Cultural history, English, drama, choral music. Hiking, swimming; carpentry, forestry, farm gardening. June 28th-August 9th. 275 acres. B. S. de Frees, North Rumford, Maine.

FOR THE TALENTED: Music, Dance, Arts, Drama, Folk Dance, Folk Music. Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

SCIENCE & ARTS, CAMP MINNOWBROOK, Lake Placid, N.Y. 'The modern concept in camping.' • Since 1949. Science • Electronics • Astronomy • Music • Dance • Drama • Art • All Land and Water Sports. 440 West End Avenue, NYC 24, 212-EN 2-4340.

T-R RANCH. Reading, Riding, Roping. Boys 9-14. Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

HIGH/SCOPE—coed camp for capable youth, 11-16. Intellectual challenge and self-development through creative programming. Eight weeks—$410. 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

THE ASHCROFTERS, Mountain Camp for Boys, Box 4, Aspen, Colorado. Mountaineering, Survival, White Water trip Dinosaur National Monument, Pack trips into the Maroon Bells–Snowmass Wilderness Area. 25 boys, 13-17 years, in each of four summer sessions. Only rugged boys need apply.

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THE ROCK provides venturesome concerns and adventurous activities for a thoughtful boy or girl, 11 through 17. RFD Williamsburg, Massachusetts.

SALTASH MOUNTAIN CAMP (One of the Farm and Wilderness Camps). Rugged, primitive camping for 40 boys, 11-15, on wilderness lake. Challenge to muscle, imagination, self-reliance. Campcraft, canoeing, conservation, forestry, hiking, swimming. Friendly, informal atmosphere. (Also Indian Brook for girls, Timberlake for boys.) Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

CAMPS

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Theatre, Dance, French, Sports. Coed. 342 Madison Avenue, NYC. TN 7-6690.

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BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, trail riding, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Mrs. H. E. Brown, 81 Tilden Road, Box C, Scituate, Massachusetts.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

BURLEIGH HILL—Boothbay, Maine. Boys, 9 to 16. Saltwater sailing emphasized. Pioneering, water and land sports. Tuition, $700. Member American Camping Association. Lester Rhoads, 251-18 61st Avenue, Little Neck, N.Y.

SPAIN! EXPLORERS CAMP. American. Children 7-13. $184 each 4 week summer period. Languages. Apartado 8142, Madrid.

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RETIREMENT HOTEL with the finest to offer in year-round living, low rates. The Manor Retirement Hotel, Asheville, North Carolina.

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HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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WANTED: *Congenial persons for informal European* tour, including Greece—sailing June 20th, Mediterranean route. Dr. Stallman, 519 Glenwood Drive, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1559

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. What your Ph. D. friend holds.

B. Acc'g to the Bible, Adam was our common one.

C. Ill-tempered; shrewish.

D. Where the child, thought to be about to swallow something he shouldn't, is urged to "spit it out" (3 wds.).

E. Increased in beauty by something itself beautiful or becoming (2 wds.).

F. One's own legs (2 wds.).

G. Creature living with, as parasite or merely guest, another of a different sort.

H. El Greco's real surname.

I. Exhibit liveliness.

J. Given fresh vigor to, for another time.

WORDS

26 56 208 113 104 81 73 173 4

197 120 2 86 172 21 71 9

180 164 202 68 91 52 17 127

179 207 190 1 192 165 174 87 132 12 168 111

18 121 10 110 5 188 146 201 53 184 133 122 114

93 123 98 37 70 50 151 40 195 136

42 28 193 161 203 183 116 155

80 147 64 138 196 141 32 144 39 95 125 178 119 20

177 130 142 206 22 158 31 149 74 152

154 140 204 131 13 55 153 126 108 89 166 103 148 63

DEFINITIONS

K. Eve (2 wds.).

L. How a playful and slangy letter writer might address relatives living in Oregon (2 wds.).

M. Where one would find an oda (3 wds.).

N. On the Continent, an inspector of schools.

O. Pertaining to the rudimentary tail of man, apes, and a few other creatures.

P. Outside a man's regular working hours (4 wds.).

Q. Having the appearance of truth.

R. Ophthalmologist (2 wds.).

S. Boisterous.

T. Two things "equally a burden" to the person not of a calm and happy nature, acc'g to Plato (3 wds.).

WORDS

182 171 58 30 128 27 46 137 129 41 159

14 106 16 78 45 25 135 72 150 209 84

191 99 92 33 83 75 36 139 19 48

49 199 3 34 189 65 77 176 11

29 157 97 69 7 54 47 62 186

194 117 85 101 109 23 145 175 163 185 156 76

35 181 67 107 134 90 61 59 198 167 105

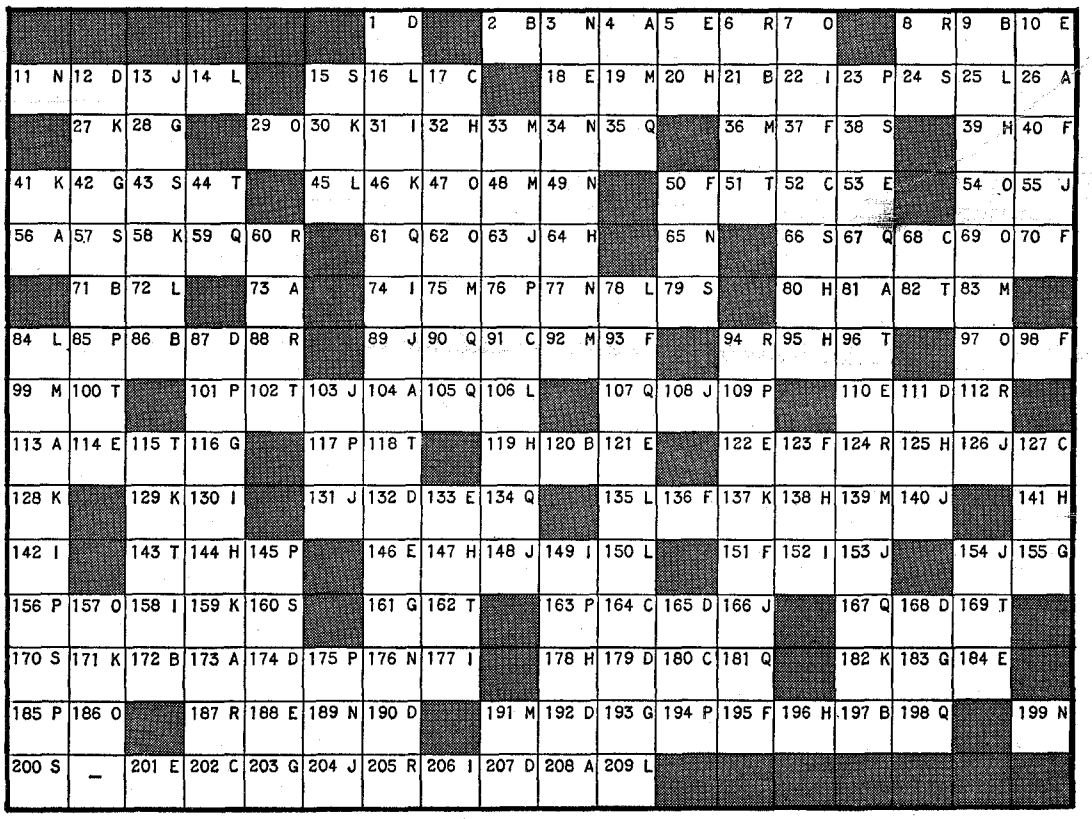
60 94 88 112 124 187 205 8 6

57 43 66 170 24 38 200 15 160 79

162 118 96 100 143 115 44 169 51 102 82

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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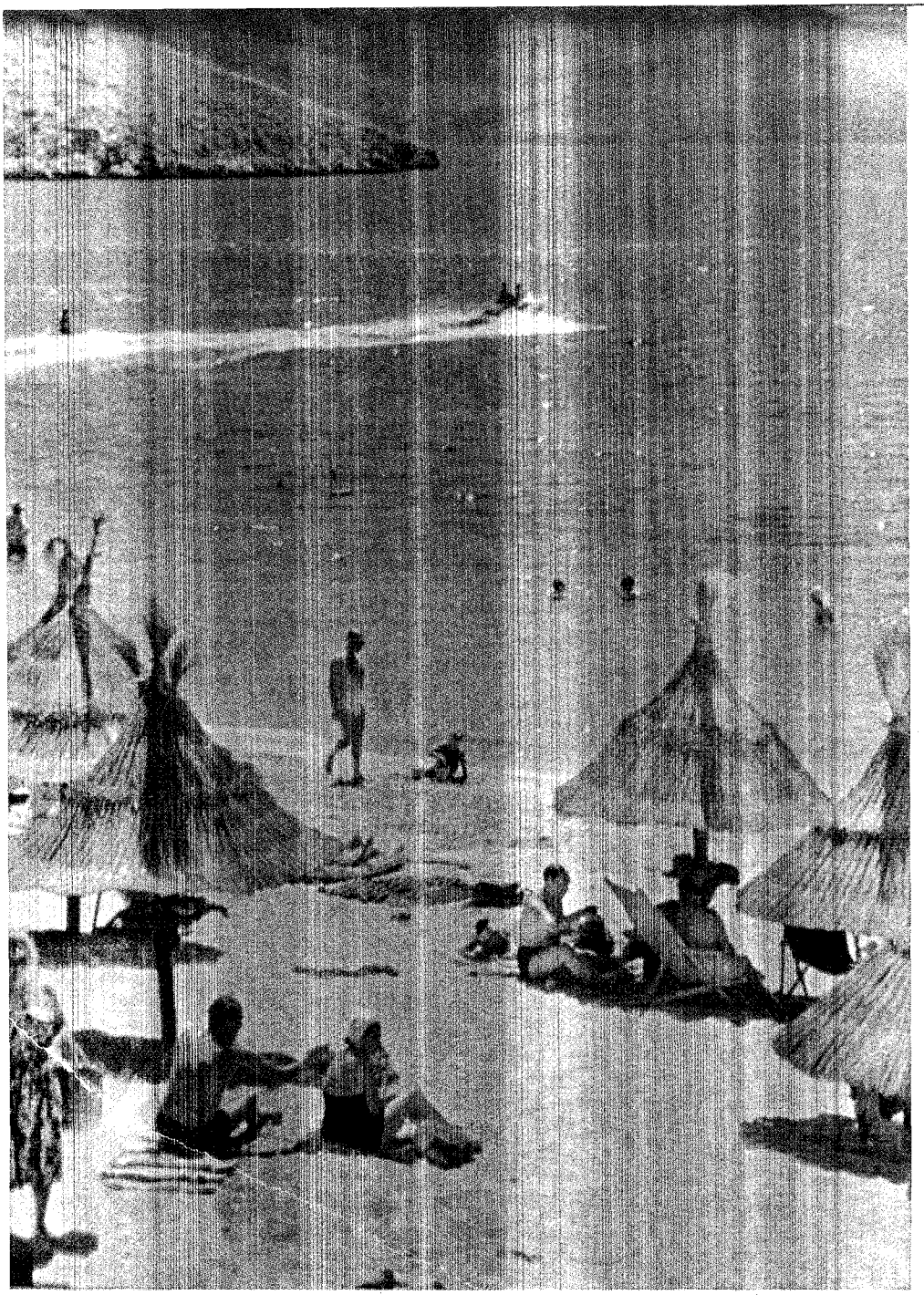


Formentor beach on Majorca Island. Iberia Air Lines has daily flights to Majorca from six Spanish cities.

Fall in love with Spain

MODERN air travel by Iberia DC-8 Fan Jets makes it easy for you to enjoy the remarkable beauty, climate and prices of Spain.

The variety of color and scenery is unequaled anywhere in Europe. Here you'll find rugged snowcapped mountains. Vast rolling plains. Lush olive and orange groves. Medieval villages. Bustling modern cities. And magnificent beaches.

On the Mediterranean, there's a three-hundred-mile stretch of beaches along Costa Brava, Costa Blanca and Costa del Sol. On the Atlantic, there are the resort cities of Santander and San Sebastian.

You can count on good weather from March to November along Costa Brava and Costa Blanca, and year-round balmy weather along Costa del Sol.

Hotel accommodations are good throughout Spain. In the cities, you have a wide choice of first class and deluxe hotels. In the country, Spain has a unique chain of government-operated *paradores* (guest houses). Many are converted castles and palaces. Rates are exceptionally low.

Spanish food is hearty, but not nearly as spicy as many people believe. A typical meal may include *Gazpacho* (an excellent soup made from cucumbers, garlic, tomatoes, and a dozen other ingredients). *Cochinillo asado* (roast suckling pig). And a half bottle of wine.

Iberia is *the* way to get there

Iberia Air Lines of Spain will give you a delightful introduction to Spanish cuisine. During your flight from New York you are served delicious meals and wines by gracious, multilingual stewardesses.

Iberia has the most modern DC-8 Fan Jets. They are meticulously maintained. The cabins are spacious and comfortable. Your pilot's training surpasses the most rigorous standards. Only the plane gets more attention than you.

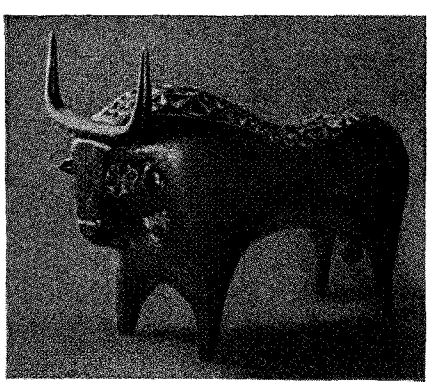
There's no end of things to see or do in Spain. There's a festival or fiesta somewhere almost every day of the year. There are bullfights every Sunday from Easter till the end of October. And there's flamenco dancing in the cabarets every night.

The Prado Museum in Madrid has one of the world's three finest art collections.

And the shopping bargains in Spain are fabulous.

Spain is *the* place to go . . . Iberia *the* way to get there. Make the decision. Iberia Air Lines will fly you from New York to Madrid, the new gateway to Europe, in 6½ hours. Your travel agent will take care of all the details.

Fall in love with Spain. (A fine head start: make the Spanish Pavilion your first stop at the New York World's Fair.)



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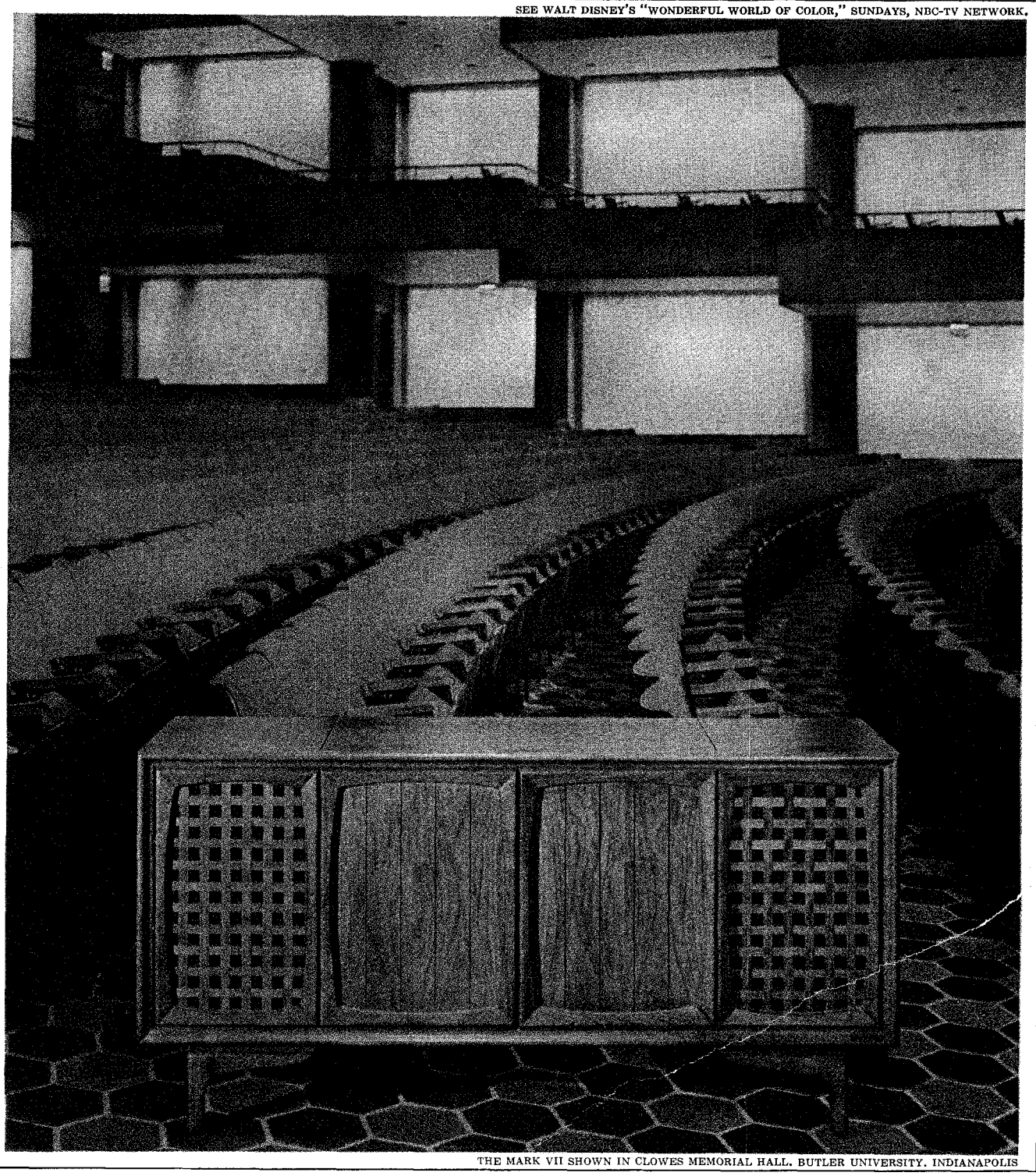
SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK.



THE MARK VII SHOWN IN CLOWES MEMORIAL HALL, BUTLER UNIVERSITY, INDIANAPOLIS

After the concert is over

When you go home haunted by a musical passage you especially like, you can hear it again and again—with realism that rivals the concert hall—on your RCA Victor New Vista Stereo.

Here's *how* New Vista Stereo turns your living room into a concert hall: big, powerful Dual Channel Amplifier; eight speakers in the Mark VII, above; and the new Studiomatic Record Changer that protects your records at the spindle and in the groove.

Even if you accidentally bounce or slide the Feather Action Tone Arm across your most precious record—you are assured of protection against audible record scratch.

And for your radio listening pleasure, a superbly sensitive FM-AM and FM Stereo Tuner. And there's a New Vista Stereo furniture design that will be happily "at home" in *your* living room.

Before you buy *any* phonograph, compare RCA Victor's experience in the reproduction of sound, dating back to the first days of the famous "Victrola"® phonograph. Only then will you truly understand why more people own RCA Victor phonographs than any other kind.

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